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EDITOR - THE HON. R. ERSKINE OF MARR

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Not Dead, but Sleeping

I.—THE STATEMENT (*Continued*).



HERE is one point in connection with the Union transactions in Parliament which is deserving of particular mention. The Unionists seem to have been so far sensible as well of the national outcry raised against them as of the illegality of their proceedings, and so far tender (or fearful) of the nation's susceptibilities, as to refrain from pretending to "abolish," in so many words, the Scottish legislature. The shift they fell upon was, to provide for the extinction of our Parliament without, as they imagined, themselves incurring the direct responsibility of laying violent and profane hands on the ark which contained the national rights and liberties of their country. The Unionist leaders probably argued among themselves that since they had received no mandate from the Scottish people to abolish the Parliament, and had not the faintest chance of ever obtaining such, they



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might, nevertheless, hope to accomplish their designs with a minimum of risk and odium to themselves, by going about to sink the Scottish legislature in that of England, without going so far as expressly to "abolish" it, a measure which they were doubtless well aware they could by no means pretend to execute, unless with the sanction of the Scottish nation. Accordingly, in all their arguments and debates, the Unionists were careful to lay claims to no right on their part to "abolish" the Parliament. On the other hand, they impudently pretended that they had full powers to sink or transfer their country's Constitution to that of a neighbouring kingdom, which had been for centuries the unscrupulous rival and the inveterate enemy of the Scottish monarchy. It is needless to say that the Unionists had as little right to pursue this latter course as they had formally to "abolish" the national legislature. In behalf of neither the one course nor the other could they adduce a single tolerable Constitutional argument. Their whole case was an impudent and disgraceful fraud. The nation's assent, which they could not obtain, was essential to their measure; and the absence of that assent must damn it for ever in the opinion of all Scotsmen of liberal sentiments—indeed in that of all good friends to Constitutional government, wheresoever residing.

But the trick or shift to which the Unionists resorted was as follows. Whilst pretending to no right to "abolish", in so many words, the national legislature, they, whilst going about to sink the Scottish Constitution in that of England, ran the national legislature on to a siding, as it were, just as is done

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in the case of a railway train for which there is no immediate occasion. The Union Treaty having been "passed," the Parliament (having been emptied of its passengers and merchandise, as it were), was "shunted," by being adjourned *sine die*, the hope, as the evident intention, of the unpatriotic instigators of this adroit manoeuvre being that the empty train that had so long carried the national fortunes would be allowed to rot, neglected and unheeded, where it now stood—to rot, that is to say, till wind and weather, as it were, should cause it first to fall in pieces, and finally to disappear altogether. It must be allowed that the subterfuge adopted by the Unionists was ingenious enough to provoke the present reflection that their craft was worthy of a better cause; but the authors of the manoeuvre in question forgot one thing, which is, that a case which is adjourned *sine die* has in it the elements or potentialities, as it were, of immortality. An adjournment *sine die* simply means an adjournment until such times as a definite end shall be put to that period of suspense. In the case of the Scottish Parliament this has not yet been done. To pursue (if I may be so indulged by the busy takers of solecisms) the thread of my former metaphor, the train which used to carry our national fortunes still stands where it stood, after it had been "shunted," in the year 1707. It has but to be renovated inside and out; to have a fresh engine attached to it, and to be loaded anew with passengers and merchandise, and it would again serve the national turn a great deal better, doubtless, than ever it did.

But it may be objected to the argument here em-

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ployed, that the life of a Parliament is limited to the specified period for which it is authorised or enacted to endure, and that when the end of that definite period is reached, the Parliament so limited as to time ceases, automatically, as it were, to exist. In any event (it may be urged), as the death of the Sovereign causes a dissolution of Parliament, so the death of Queen Anne would have put a period to the life of any Scottish Parliament that might have been in existence at the time of her demise, assuming, for the sake of argument, that measures for a Union had not been previously concerted and carried into effect.

Let us now briefly discuss this aspect of the case. The English system of holding General Elections at irregular intervals was not practised in Scotland. "The representatives of both Shires and Burghs were elected annually, and quite irrespective of whether a Parliament or Convention was summoned or imminent. A Scottish Commissioner or M.P. was normally the representative of his constituents for a period of twelve months only. He might be, and frequently was, re-elected, year after year. But the span of his commission was limited to the period between the period of the annual Courts of Election."* This was the ordinary procedure, but the minutes of 1669 and 1702 show that "the Members' commissions were co-extensive with the duration of the Parliament to which they were sent, and terminated only with their death or resignation, or with the dissolution of the Parliament."† The Parliaments that met in 1669

* *The Scottish Parliament*, by Professor Sandford Terry, p. 27.

† *Ibid.* p. 29.

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and in 1702 were expressly summoned. Their duration "depended upon the royal pleasure. The Parliament of 1669 extended over four years, and that of 1702 over as long a period. Until Parliament was regularly dissolved, the commissions of those appointed to attend its first session required no renewal. So long, therefore, as Parliament was prorogued from year to year, and its elected members were continued from session to session, the Constitutional practice of annual elections was in abeyance."*

The logical consequence of annual elections would seem to be annual Parliaments; but this, as we have already seen, was by no means the case. The Sovereigns of the House of Stewart preferred to "continue" Parliaments rather than to order the elections of new ones, their policy inclining them to prolong as much as possible the lives of those Parliaments which they found to be more or less well affected to their interests and measures. In 1640, however, the Estates passed an Act ordaining that Parliament should be summoned at least once in every three years, but the Act would appear to have remained a dead letter, for early in August, 1705, an "Overture for a Triennial Parliament" was ordered to be printed. On the 22nd day of that month, it was further ordained that the operation of the Act should not be delayed, but that it should take effect in the Queen's reign. The Act was duly "touched" by the sceptre, and thus became the law of the land; but it is worthy of remark that on the same day (22nd August, 1705) on which the Commissioners had ordained that the Act should come in force during the

* *Ibid.* pp. 29-30.

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Queen's lifetime, Parliament voted that its own existence should "continue for three years." And as the Union measure did not provide for the formal "abolition" of the Scottish Parliament, nothing can be more plain than that it was in existence (though dormant) after the Treaty in question had received the royal assent, and the pretended "British" Parliament had been formally set up. The shift or subterfuge resorted to by the Unionists (*i.e.* that of adjourning the Parliament *sine die* without venturing formally to declare it "abolished") sufficiently shows the desperate straits to which they were reduced in order to provide some sort of gloss or cover for their illegal proceedings. But the attempt on the life of the Scottish Parliament miscarried. The hired assassins were too clever by half.

Now, inasmuch as the Scottish Parliament survived the crisis of 1707, the subsidiary question of whether or not that particular Parliament which passed the Union measure, and which in 1705 voted to itself three additional years of life, is still *in esse*, matters nothing. Nor is the national party of the present day to be supposed to be concerned with the argument that the death of Queen Anne (of which many reports have reached us) must, in any event, have put a period to that Parliament, or to any other that might have been in existence at the date of that event, assuming the Union Treaty not to have carried. The facts that the Scottish Parliament survived the Union Treaty, and that the particular Parliament which dealt with that measure was adjourned *sine die*, are sufficient for us. They effectually dispose of the pretended Union.

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The facts that the Union Treaty was passed by fraud and force and is, therefore, *ipso facto*, null and void, and that the Scottish Parliament, considered as a national institution, survived the Act designed to put an end to it for all time, will be sufficient grounds for most nationalists on which to act in accordance with the faith that is in them; but to such as may prefer to set these cogent reasonings aside, and to proceed on grounds different from those particularised above, the following ready means of arriving at a similar conclusion may here be commended. Among other national Corporations that protested against the Union Treaty was the Convention of Royal Burghs, which addressed against it under a series of articles or heads, the details of which it is not necessary to reproduce, but the gist of many of which consisted of fears that England would violate the Treaty in her own interests as soon as ever the Scots should become a high-contracting party thereto. These fears, so reasonably, and (as the event was destined soon to prove), so prophetically indulged by the Convention of Burghs were endeavoured to be removed by Daniel de Foe (chief scribbler to the English Government at that time), in the following artful manner. "I cannot, I confess (he wrote), but wonder how it was possible to impose things so absurd upon a whole nation, and how so great a people, so clear-sighted and wary on all other cases, came at this time to run so apparently upon a plain mistake. Since, as nothing is more plain than that the Articles of the Treaty, and consequently the great heads mentioned in the above address, cannot be touched by the Parliament of Great Britain,

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and that the moment they attempt it they dissolve their own Constitution ; so it is an Union upon no other terms, and it expressly stipulates what shall and what shall not be alterable by the subsequent Parliament. And as the Parliaments of Great Britain are founded, not upon the original right of the people, as the separate Parliaments of England and Scotland were before, but upon the Treaty which is prior to the said Parliament, and consequently superior ; so for that reason it cannot have power to alter its own foundation, or act against the power which founded it, since all constituted power is subordinate and inferior to the power constituting. This is so clear, and has been so often inculcated in this very case, and is so unanswerably stated in the very Acts of Parliament themselves ratifying the Treaty, that I need say no more to it here." De Foe's clumsy flattery of the "hard-headed Scot" of his day, who was, more often than not, like his prototype of our own is, a sad dunce and blockhead at bottom, is quite in keeping with the modern approved English fashion. We are accustomed to be told by designing English politicians, especially those who misrepresent Scottish Constituencies in the pretended " British " Parliament, that we are a " canny, hard-headed race " : *ergo*, we do not in the least degree want what Englishmen and all other considerable peoples insist on having—self-government. De Foe's " blarney " is of the usual transparent, clumsy, hypocritical English kind, and we need pay no further attention to it. He is right, however, when he asserts that " the Parliaments of Great Britain are founded, *not upon the original rights of*

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the people, as the separate Parliaments of England and Scotland were before, but upon the Treaty, which is prior to the said Parliament (of Great Britain), and consequently superior." The pretended Union was nothing but an illicit deal between two unscrupulous political rumps; and it is just as well that the people of England and Scotland should realise this fact, and ponder on it with what philosophy they may. The Demos is too often but the credulous bubble of those who, for their own ends, cry up the phantom of popular power.

But let us continue. The Treaty bears that nothing may be altered in it save with the consent of the high-contracting parties thereto, which, plainly, must be secured in the same formal manner in which the alleged original settlement was arrived at. "The moment" the high-contracting parties proceed to act in any different manner "they dissolve (we are told) their own Constitution." Let us here pause to bless the memory of the excellent jurist, De Foe, for that so unqualified judgment.

Now, as soon as ever the "hard-headed" (or unsophisticated and confiding) Scot was thought to be safe in the Englishmen's net, the Saxon proceeded to "dissolve" the new "Constitution"—of course in his own interests. As becomes a nation of cozening shopkeepers, the first stroke was to abolish our national Mint, which was solemnly guaranteed to Scotland by the terms of the Treaty of 1707. Then—the alleged Act was, in any event, dissolved! The abolition of the Scottish Mint was plainly a deliberate violation of the original Treaty; and, by consequence, Scotland was

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free to go back to that Parliament which is founded
"upon the original right of the people"?

For those, however, who are apt to imagine vanities of this sort, there is generally an uncommon rude awakening. "Once in the box, always in the box," reprovingly observed a Church functionary to a thrifty worshipper who had, by mistake, placed a half-sovereign in room of a sixpence into that depository, and thought to institute a rapid change in favour of the lesser coin. And so it has proved in the case of Scotland. The stern and virtuous assertor of the sanctity of "Scraps of Paper" had no sooner got the particular one to which I am here alluding fast into his fist, than he proceeded to make of it a lining for a cosy nest for himself and his, much as the singing mouse made a bed for herself and her young out of the semi-masticated scraps of the late Dòmhnall Mac Eacharn's favourite song.* That was the first occasion on which the alleged Act of Union was "dissolved"; but on how many occasions subsequent to the abolition of the Scottish Mint the Treaty in question has been grossly violated in spirit as well as in

* For the benefit of those who know not the national language, I crave to be permitted to explain this figure. In one of his most amusing essays, Dòmhnall Mac Eacharn tells a tale of a mouse that got into an old box in which he was accustomed to store his MSS., and therein made a nest for herself and her young. It appears that Mac Eacharn's favourite composition—a song—was laid hold on by the mouse in order to this end, which, after the manner of her kind, tore the paper to shreds, chewing it the while, so as to render it the softer for lying on by herself and her progeny. The essayist asserts that while so engaged the mouse somehow got a taste of his composition, which pleased her so mightily that she proceeded—much to his amazement—to chant the perished lay!

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letter—that is a census which we may well leave to those to undertake who are concerned with such superfluities. The “North Britons”—those great sticklers for the letter of the pretended Act—are doubtless well informed as to that head. It is true that they insist on the inviolability of an Act which they have at bottom little relish for, and which has already been undone—“dissolved”—not once, but many times; and therein, according to the ordinary way of reasoning, they shew themselves to be both foolish and inconsistent. It may well be, however, that in the intervals of straining at the “British” gnat and meekly swallowing the Union camel, the “Britons” in Scotland have found time to devote to the compilation of some such catalogue as I refer to above. If this be the case, let them come forth and explain why it is that whilst they are so great sticklers for the nice observance of a particular article in the Treaty of Union, they have not a word to say touching the many infinitely more serious violations to which that frequently violated Act has been subjected.

Here ends “The Statement.” The application of these fundamentals will be discussed in the next impression of this Review.

R. ERSKINE OF MARR.

(To be continued).

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NATIONAL TERMS.

The following national terms are suggested as being proper to be used by those whose attitude towards the Union Treaty of 1707 corresponds to our own. Readers of *The Scottish Review* are earnestly exhorted to do their utmost to bring these terms into common usage, which they can best do by themselves habitually employing them, and by persuading others to do so. The Newspaper Press, from which we have experienced so great kindness, is also urged to do its utmost to popularise them. As far as this publication is concerned, the terms we here suggest will, in future, be used by us to the exclusion of the existing false system of nomenclature.

The national terms in common usage *before* the introduction of the Union Treaty are to be considered as restored, and some necessary additions are now made thereto.

The Monarchies of England, Scotland, and Ireland, together with the Principality of Wales, comprise THE UNITED KINGDOMS. The expression "United Kingdom" should not be employed. The latter is a "sinking" term, and, on that ground, should be eschewed. THE TRIPLE MONARCHY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS are perfectly proper expressions. The latter was comparatively common in English literature until a few years ago.

The term THE ANGLO-CELTIC EMPIRE should be substituted for that of the "British Empire." The Empire is not "British," but Anglo-Celtic. THE ANGLO-CELTIC PEOPLES, meaning the inhabitants of

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these islands, is a correct expression ; the " British " people, " Britons " (Anglo-Celts), are not.

The expression the " British Isles " (meaning England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales) is on every ground improper. If it is desired to employ a comprehensive term of this sort, THE PICTISH ISLES is the proper expression. The Britons never gave their name to these islands ; but the great nation of the Picts, which at one time was in possession of *all these islands*, undoubtedly did. " Britain " (" great " or " small ") is a mistake, which took its rise from the imperfect knowledge of the Greeks, who were notoriously bad linguists. The proper *native term* should be restored. PICTAVIA should be used in room of " Britannia." Neither " Briton " nor " Pict " however, is a correct expression, if used to designate the inhabitants of these islands. " Pictavia " may properly be used in poetry or rhetoric, but not otherwise. The correct substitute for " Briton " is " Anglo-Celt."

It is wrong to speak of " British " law, as is often done nowadays. Scotland has her own laws, just as England has hers. The law that runs in Ireland should, meantime, be styled ANGLO-IRISH.

There are five national languages spoken in the Pictish Isles ; these are English, Scots or Gaelic,* Irish or Gaelic, Welsh, and Manx. No one has yet presumed to style the English language " British," which, if the arguments employed by the sticklers

* Till the beginning of the fifteenth century, Gaelic was invariably alluded to as *lingua Scotia* or Scots, which is but natural if we bear in mind that the word " Scot " means a Gael. The early

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for the pretended Union of 1707 are sound, it ought to be. But those misguided zealots are so eclectic as regards their choice of material with which to bolster up their peevish agitation that it were foolish to expect consistency of them. Besides, are the English to be allowed to possess nothing which bears their own name? The "English language" and "English literature" are correct terms; and he is an impudent puppy and a blockhead that tries to "Britonise" them.


It is incorrect to speak of the "British Army," which is plainly not "British" but Anglo-Celtic. On the other hand, where it is desired to particularise, the expressions "ENGLISH ARMY" (meaning that part of the Anglo-Celtic forces that is composed of English regiments), SCOTS ARMY, IRISH ARMY, and WELSH ARMY, are quite correct. In the case of the Navy, distinctions of this kind cannot, of course, be made. The correct expression is THE ANGLO-CELTIC NAVY.

Though two are suspended, yet there is presently only one Parliament in operation in these kingdoms; and that is THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT. By the Treaty of Union of 1707, the English Parliament designed to sink the Scottish Parliament *in its own Constitution*—not to pool, as it were, the two national Constitutions, and out of the fundamentals of both to erect a Parliament which should be truly Anglo-Celtic.

charters abound in references to Gaelic as the "Scottish language." "Scots," or "Scottish" latterly came to be identified with the English dialect spoken in Scotland; but the absurdity of the departure in question must be patent to everyone who has the slightest acquaintance with the history of our country.

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"We prefer to take the Union at the highest value which its most enthusiastic admirers can possibly place upon it, and to regard it as a measure of the utmost advantage, both to England and to Scotland; but, while doing so, we shall show what many Scotsmen little dream of, that a price is being annually paid by the former country to the latter for the boon—a price partly paid in hard cash, the amount of which it is possible, with more or less certainty to approximate, but partly also in disabilities and deprivations which have followed as a direct consequence of the Union, and which have entailed, and continue annually to entail, upon Scotland a vast pecuniary loss which marks, but cannot measure, certain lamentable social evils from which Scotland suffers."

HUS wrote "A Well-Known Financier" in the course of an able and moderate article on "The Union of 1707 Viewed Financially" which appeared in *The Scottish Review* of October, 1887. The writer, who preserved his incognito, proceeded to show by means of detailed statistics the heavy pecuniary loss which the Union entailed on Scotland. This loss had four main sources:—(1) disproportionate taxation; (2) unequal "local expenditure"; (3) extraneous legislation and administration; and (4) consequent absentee landlordism. The annual loss to Scotland from these four sources was estimated by the "Financier" at slightly over £4,000,000. Indeed, the Marquis of Bute, in a subsequent article on the same

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subject, put "the annual dead loss in money which is entailed upon Scotland by the Union of 1707 at a sum of eight or ten millions, rather than four." The Marquis placed a much higher estimate on the loss through absentee landlords and others of that ilk than did the original contributor.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since that trenchant criticism of Union finance was written. Much water has flowed under the bridges since then, but in all its main features, the indictment which we have quoted is just as applicable as when "Gladstone," "Salisbury," and "Chamberlain" were names to conjure with in the political world. Only under the second heading, "unequal local expenditure" has there been a perceptible improvement in recent years. In all other respects, the "Financier's" words still ring true. Indeed, the outbreak of the war, and the consequent increase in the staggering burden of the "National Debt," can scarcely fail to increase very seriously the over-taxation of Scotland.

The war has revolutionised European political thought. At home, the old party ties have been shattered; the dividing line between Liberal and Conservative, Labourist and Nationalist, will never be quite the same again. The world-wide upheaval has given a new standard of "Values" in social, political, and industrial life. How trivial and unreal seem the embittered wrangles over Welsh Disestablishment and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, in the light of recent epoch-making events. On the other hand, certain problems have emerged into greater prominence as a result of the experiences of the belli-

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gerent nations during the past two years. The place of nationality in the after-war settlement, the importance of agriculture in a scheme of national defence, the recolonisation of Scotland with the aid of our disbanded soldiers, industrial reorganisation after the war—all these questions have attained a new and deeper importance as a result of the European conflagration. In every European country, too, great financial problems will challenge the attention of responsible statesmen, while the demand of the Colonial Governments for representation in the counsels of the Empire raises in a new and more urgent form the old question of Imperial finance and federal government. To Scotland, both these questions—financial reform and national independence—make a direct and imperative appeal, and in this paper I propose to examine in some detail the effect of the war on the financial relations of the Three Kingdoms.

A critical examination of the latest available statistics shows that Scotland is still—as Lord Rosebery once said—“the milch cow of the Empire.” According to the return for the year ended March 31st, 1915, the amount contributed by England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively to the revenue collected by the Imperial officers was as follows:—

		Total Revenue as contributed.	Per Cent.
England,	...	£183,535,000	83·17
Scotland,	...	£24,742,000	11·21
Ireland,	...	£12,389,500	5·62

The expenditure on English, Scottish, and Irish services met out of such revenues was:—

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		Local Expenditure.	Per Cent.
England,	...	£66,886,500	75·10
Scotland,	...	£10,178,000	11·10
Ireland,	...	£12,656,000	13·80

The revenue contributed in excess of local expenditure was thus :—

England,	...	£114,648,500
Scotland,	...	14,564,000

Ireland, on the other hand, received for local services £266,500 in excess of revenue contributed.

At a superficial glance it might seem that Scotland comes fairly well out of the financial "pool," that Ireland is treated in generous fashion, and that the brunt of the burden of Empire is borne by the broad shoulders of England. That, however, is notoriously not the case. The naked and unembellished truth is that, both from the point of view of ability to contribute and in proportion to population, Scotland is heavily over-taxed. Every year that passes, the pecuniary loss which the incorporating Union with England entails on Scotland is serious and substantial. Examine first the respective contributions to the National Exchequer of England, Scotland, and Ireland in proportion to population. The following table shows the populations of the Three Kingdoms—(1) at the 1911 census, and (2) on June 30th, 1914 (according to the estimate of the Registrar-General) :—

	1911.	1914.
England and Wales,	36,075,259	37,302,983
Scotland,	4,759,521	4,728,500
Ireland,	4,381,951	4,375,554

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It will be observed that, while the population of England and Wales is steadily increasing, there is a perceptible decrease in the number of inhabitants of Scotland and Ireland. The significance of that will be noted later on. Meanwhile, a little calculation will show that the burden of Imperial taxation falls with a widely divergent incidence on the Three Kingdoms, and that Scotsmen, as usual, have the privilege of paying the biggest share. The contribution per head of population (calculated on the 1914 basis), works out as follows :—

Contribution per head of population.			
England,	£4 18 5
Scotland,	£5 4 8
Ireland,	£2 16 7½

The per-capita calculation, however, is after all but a rough and ready method of ascertaining the incidence of Imperial taxation. It is obviously unfair to the poorer parts of the Kingdoms. The Irish labourer in the "Wilds of Connemara" cannot reasonably be expected to contribute to the Imperial Exchequer in the same proportion as the residents of Mayfair, or the crofters of Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire on the same scale as the wealthy commercial magnates of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands of England. Ability to contribute is the only just basis of taxation, and judged by this standard, the heavy burden foisted on to the patient shoulders of the Scotsman is even more glaringly inequitable. Ability to contribute depends not only on population, but on the national income, the national wealth, and the volume of home and foreign trade. Mr. Edgar

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Crammond, F.S.S., in the course of an able and carefully-prepared paper, read before the Liverpool Statistical and Economic Society, on 21st February, 1913, sets forth very fairly on this basis the taxable capacity of the Three Kingdoms. The following table, for example, shows how Mr. Crammond arrives at the

ESTIMATED TAXABLE CAPACITY OF SCOTLAND.

	United Kingdom.	Scotland.	Scotland's Percentage of the Totals of the United Kingdom.
Population (census of 1911),	45,216,665	4,759,521	10.5
Gross Assessment to In- come Tax (1909-11),	£1,011,100,345	£93,020,031	9.2
Net Capital of Estates liable to Estate Duty (1910-11),	£272,724,000	£28,313,000	10.4
Estimated National Wealth,	£15,869,000,000	£1,451,625,000	9.1
Estimated National Income,	£1,998,000,000	£173,000,000	8.6
Tonnage of Coastwise shipping entered and cleared,	123,378,000	17,059,000	13.8
Foreign Trade (1910),	£1,212,402,000	£88,628,000	7.3

The average of the above indices is 9.8, and Mr. Crammond submits that this ratio fairly represents the taxable capacity of Scotland in relation to the United Kingdoms. By a similar analysis and tabulation of the trade statistics, wealth, and national income of England and Ireland, Mr. Crammond arrives at the following formula as representing the "taxable capacity" of the Three Kingdoms:—

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England,	84·1
Scotland,	9·8
Ireland,	6·1

The standard will, I think, be accepted as a perfectly fair one. It should be noted, however, that the calculation was made in 1913, and since then the balance has been turning rather more against Scotland and Ireland. In both these Kingdoms, as has been noted, there has been a slight decline in the population, whereas the increase of population in England is considerably over a million. In Scotland, too, there has been in recent years, a perceptible shrinkage of the gross national income—as much indeed as £3,000,000 for the years 1901-10 compared with the preceding decade. The Scottish “index” of taxation might, therefore, not unfairly be written down to 9·6, and the Irish to 6. In order, however, to give the “predominant partner” every manner of fairplay, we shall adhere to Mr. Crammond’s figures. A comparison of the “actual” and “equitable” contributions of the Three Kingdoms shows the flagrant fashion in which Scotland is plundered. In the following table the “equitable contributions” are based on Mr. Crammond’s indices :—

	Actual Contribution.		Equitable Contribution.	
	Per Cent.		Per Cent.	
England,	83·17	£183,535,000	84·1	£185,580,526 10/-
Scotland,	11·21	24,742,000	9·8	21,625,317
Ireland,	5·62	12,389,500	6·1	13,460,656 10/-

It will thus be seen that England contributes ·93 per cent. less than her equitable share of Imperial

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taxation, and Ireland 48 less, while the people of Scotland pay 1·41 per cent. more than their just share. Expressed in percentages, the difference between the contributions of the Three Kingdoms may not seem very large, but in view of the huge sums now payable to the Imperial Exchequer, the over-taxation of Scotland constitutes nevertheless a heavy and ever-increasing burden. It will be observed that

England pays £2,045,526 10/- less than her
"equitable share."

Ireland pays £1,071,156 10/- less than her
"equitable share."

Scotland pays £3,116,683 more than her "equitable
share."

In other words, Scotland not only wiped out the whole of the deficit of Ireland, but contributed over and above more than £2,000,000 which, under a just system of taxation, ought to have been paid by England. That is one of the privileges of Scotsmen under the Union. For the year under review, the over-taxation of Scotland represents the substantial sum of 13/2 per head of population. Had Burns been living to-day, he would have exclaimed, with increased fervour :—

Is there that bears the name o' Scot
But feels his heart's bluid risin' hot,
To see his puir auld mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
And plundered o' her hindmost groat,
By gallows knaves?

Robert Burns notwithstanding, "freedom and whisky" do not always "gang thegeither." In any

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case, the position of Scotland under the excise laws has always been a prolific source of trouble—trouble to the “smaller nation,” and profit to the wealthier Kingdom of the south. By means of the whisky duty, Scotland has been systematically fleeced of hundreds of thousands of pounds every year.

In the earlier years of the Eighteenth Century—almost before the ink was dry on the “scrap of paper” sealing the Union—the imposition of a tax on the cheaper malt of Scotland raised a storm of indignation throughout the country. It is a curious commentary on the changing national taste in liquors to recall that at that time “twopenny,” a light-alcoholic ale, was the national drink of Scotland.

“Wi’ tippenny we fear nae evil,
Wi’ usquabae we’d face the deevil.”

The malt duty, however, struck a serious blow at the Scottish brewing industry. Scotland was invaded by an army of English excisemen, and for more than a hundred years, ruthless war was waged against the “gaugers” by the illicit brewers—and perhaps by the illicit distillers too. Many are the amusing stories which are told even yet of the manner in which fisher folks and farm workers in remote rural districts eluded the emissaries of the Government, and turned the tables on the luckless “gaugers.” But the malt duties and the gauger effected a gradual change in the national taste. Breweries decreased and distilleries increased until, by the middle of last century, it could justly be said that whisky was the national drink of Scotland. And, notwithstanding the claims

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put forward by a Glasgow M.P. on behalf of lemonade—lemonade!—it remains so to this day. But though douce Scottish matrons no longer openly defy the representatives of the Excise, that does not imply that the grievances of Scotsmen have been redressed. Quite the contrary. The gross unfairness of the incidence of indirect taxation is still glaring enough. Taking the official estimates of the Three Kingdoms for the year 1914-15, we find that, by their consumption of spirituous liquors, they contribute to the Imperial Exchequer as follows :—

	Population in 1914-15.	Revenue from Beer & Spirits.	Revenue per head of population.
England,	37,302,983	£27,806,000	£0 14 11
Scotland,	4,728,500	5,058,000	1 1 5
Ireland,	4,375,554	3,294,000	0 15 1

Here, then, we find that England pays 14/11 per head ; Ireland pays 15/1—a modest 2d more—while Scotland pays 21/5, or nearly 44 per cent. more than the favoured nation south of the Tweed. No one pretends that this glaring inequality is due to the greater sobriety of our Sasunnach neighbours. The principal reason, of course, is that the Scotsman's whisky is taxed at a far higher rate than the Englishman's beer. A close scrutiny of the figures will make this clear.

	Spirits.	Beer.	Total.
England,	£13,749,000	£14,057,000	£27,806,000
Scotland,	4,458,000	600,000	5,058,000
Ireland,	2,095,000	1,199,000	3,294,000

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The quantity of alcohol consumed south of the Tweed is thus proportionately as large as in the northern Kingdom, while if the Englishman's beer had been taxed on the same scale as the Scotsman's whisky, the revenue produced would have been not £14,000,000 but £70,000,000. Even from the temperance point of view, is there any adequate reason why alcohol in the form of whisky should be taxed five or six times as high as alcohol in the form of beer? Since the date of the financial return under discussion, there has been another "thumping increase" on the whisky duty—an increase imposed partly for financial, and partly for industrial, political, and military reasons. The Minister of Munitions is now "the largest distiller in the United Kingdoms," and the restriction of the consumpt of spirituous liquors is probably necessary in the national interest. As is usually the case, however, the Coalition Government has done the right thing in the wrong way, and has done it in a very clumsy fashion. But there is no need to discuss in the meantime the pseudo-temperance policy of the Government. At the same time it is necessary to recall that there has been in recent years more than one increase in the whisky duty, with no corresponding advance on the duty on beer. No sooner does an audacious Chancellor propose to lay rude hands on the Englishman's beverage, than brewers, publicans, and beer-drinkers are up in arms against the predaceous suggestion. Even the boldest of Chancellors has been known to flinch before that impious combination! From the financial point of view, the rock-bottom fact of the situation is that under the heading of Excise,

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Scotland contributes to the Imperial Exchequer some £1,297,568 more than her equitable share. Any modest sum which the Scottish Members may have been able to extort from a predominately English legislature by way of compensation for Scotland's big contribution through the whisky duty, has never been equivalent to the actual over-taxation of the country.

The "plundering" of Scotland is, of course, no new feature of English finance. It began on that black day on which Scotland is held to have accepted as her Union dowry a share of England's national debt,* and it has been going on systematically ever since. Let us take a brief backward glance at the incidence of taxation of the Three Kingdoms :—

ENGLAND AND WALES.

Date.	Taxation.	Population.	Taxation per head.
1861	£49,670,574	20,119,314	£2 9 4½
1871	49,917,386	22,788,594	2 2 11½
1881	55,181,487	26,061,736	2 2 4½
1884	57,327,686	27,132,686	2 2 3
1901	115,224,000	32,619,448	3 10 8
1911	151,300,000	36,075,259	4 3 10
1914	183,535,000	37,302,983	4 18 5

* It is true, as Lecky says, that "in consideration of the heavy English debt by which the taxation of the whole island would be increased, an equivalent of about £400,000 was granted to Scotland." It ought to be added, however, that the whole of that "Equivalent" had to be paid for out of Scottish revenue within a period of fifteen years. Moreover the bulk of the "Equivalent" was swallowed up by the shareholders of the Darien Company, the Union Commissioners, and certain members of the Scottish Parliament. Thus by nefarious financial jugglery, the people of Scotland had them-

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SCOTLAND.

1861	£7,892,732	3,069,404	£2 11 5½
1871	8,844,923	3,368,921	2 12 6½
1881	8,568,190	3,745,485	2 5 9
1884	8,825,941	3,866,512	2 5 7½
1901	14,973,000	4,483,880	3 6 10
1911	18,643,000	4,759,521	3 18 4
1914	24,742,000	4,728,500	5 4 8

IRELAND.

1861	£6,420,159	5,788,415	£1 2 3
1871	7,088,702	5,398,179	1 6 3
1881	7,321,926	5,144,983	1 8 5½
1884	7,755,001	4,962,693	1 11 3
1901	9,253,000	4,443,370	2 1 8
1911	10,688,000	4,381,951	2 8 10
1914	12,389,500	4,375,554	2 16 7½

The foregoing tables give a bird's eye view of the financial relations of the Three Kingdoms during the past fifty or sixty years. But figures "should be weighed as well as counted," and in no case is this so necessary as when dealing with complicated financial statistics. It will be discerned that up to the closing years of last century, Scotland's per-capita contribution was in excess—substantially in excess—of that of

selves to pay the bribes of the "pack o' traitor loons" who sold their country's independence. So far as England was concerned, the "Equivalent" was merely a temporary "accommodation," and did not, in any real sense, relieve Scotland of the new taxation. Under the burden of English war debts, Scotsmen have been trudging along dourly and doggedly ever since.

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England. It was of these years that the late Rev. Dr. Begg said :—

Ireland receives all benefits and few burdens.

Scotland all burdens and few benefits.

England burdens and benefits alike.

It was about this time, too, that Mr. Waddie, Hon. Secretary of the Scottish Home Rule Association, in his admirable little book, "How Scotland lost her Parliament, and what came of it," made the interesting calculation that in the space of thirty years—1861 to 1891—Scotland lost from over-taxation alone £92,684,319. The under-payments for the same period amounted to £39,000,000, bringing Scotland's loss during that period to the enormous aggregate of £131,684,319.

Towards the end of the Nineteenth Century there was a perceptible improvement in the position of Scotland, although even when the per-capita contribution was slightly lower than that of England it was still in excess of the "equitable share" on the ability to contribute basis. This improvement was due to two causes. First, there was the growing tendency in Imperial finance to place the burden of taxation more and more on the shoulders of the direct taxpayer. As Mr. Crammond points out in the paper to which I have already referred :—"In 1871 the direct tax-payer contributed only 30 per cent. of the total tax revenue ; in 1881 he contributed 35·5 per cent ; in 1891, 43·5 per cent. ; in 1901, 48·8 per cent. ; and in 1912, 53·4 per cent." In England, however, direct taxation yields a comparatively higher return, and forms a

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much larger percentage of the total tax revenue than it does in Scotland, and particularly in Ireland. "In England, 55·7 per cent. of the tax revenue is derived from direct taxation ; in Scotland, 46·9 per cent ; and in Ireland, only 31·1 per cent." The other cause which contributed to the improvement of Scotland's position in the financial "pool" was the increase in the northern nation's share of "local expenditure," due in no small measure to contributions in respect of old age pensions. These "local expenditure" statistics we shall submit to a closer scrutiny presently, but meanwhile the crux of the situation, so far as the effect of the war on the financial relations of the Three Kingdoms is concerned, will have become sufficiently clear. It is evident that recent taxation—even some of the new taxation imposed immediately before the war—is to bear with undue severity on Scotland. That is clear from the sharp increase of the Scottish per-capita contribution in the year 1914-15, and in the over-taxation of Scotland to the extent of over £3,000,000 on the ability to contribute basis. It is almost certain, too, that the heavy increase of indirect taxation and the reduction of the income tax limit to £130 will modify considerably the ratio of the sums raised by "direct" and "indirect" methods in England and Scotland as stated by Mr. Crammond. But on that point reliable data will not be available for some considerable time.

Even more direct will be the effects of the war taxes on Scotland's contribution for Imperial purposes. This is a phase of the financial problem which it is necessary to examine very closely. For the year

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1911-12, the expenditure of the United Kingdoms amounted to £178,545,000 under the two main groups :

Imperial Expenditure,	£103,072,000
Local Expenditure,	75,473,500

For the financial year, 1914-15, the figures were :

Imperial Expenditure,	£128,946,000
Local Expenditure,	91,720,500

Total,	£220,666,500
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It will be noted that under normal conditions the "local expenditure" amounts to approximately three-sevenths of the total. From this source the people of Scotland have been able in recent years to get back a little of their own. Scotland with 10·5 per cent. of the total population of the Three Kingdoms obtained in 1914-15 11·10 per cent. of the aggregate sum devoted to "local" purposes. That compensated to some extent for the £3,000,000 of which the country was "plundered," but it still left the northern Kingdom heavily overtaxed. A careful analysis of the figures will illustrate this. Of the total revenue for 1914-15, England contributed £183,535,000; her share of "local expenditure" was £68,886,500, leaving a balance of £114,648,500 available for Imperial purposes. Scotland contributed £24,742,000; her share of local expenditure was £10,178,000, leaving a surplus available for Imperial purposes of £14,564,000. Ireland, on the other hand, received for local purposes £12,566,000, but contributed only £12,389,500, leaving a de-

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ficit of £266,500. The net balance available for Imperial expenditure was thus £128,946,000. That is to say :—

Scotland's contribution was	£14,564,000
Scotland's share (9·8 per cent.)	
should have been ...	12,636,688

Net over-taxation of Scotland

is	£1,927,312
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That is what is meant by saying that Scotland "gets something of her own back" through expenditure for local purposes; the nominal over-taxation of the country is reduced from £3,000,000 to approximately £2,000,000, or 8/2 per head of population. The effect of the crushing burden of war taxation on "the milch cow of the Empire" is thus sufficiently obvious: the expenditure for Imperial purposes, to which Scotland contributes very much more than her share, is inflated almost beyond recognition; the "local expenditure" which enables Scotland to recoup her "Imperial" losses to some extent, remains practically stationary. For the year 1916-17, for example, Mr. M'Kenna proposes to raise, by means of his Budget, the stupendous sum of £506,000,000, compared with slightly over £220,000,000 for the financial year 1914-15—considerably more than double. Practically the whole of that unprecedented increase will be debited for Imperial purposes, while the sum available for "local expenditure" will be subjected to the most careful scrutiny on the part of the economists. If the "local expenditure" does not remain stationary, the

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increases presumably will be merely automatic.* What I have termed the nominal over-taxation of Scotland will thus be doubled—increased from £3,000,000 to over £6,000,000. On the other hand, the sum which may be “recovered” on the “local expenditure” side will still remain somewhere in the vicinity of £1,000,000. That is to say the over-taxation of Scotland for the current financial year can scarcely be less than £5,000,000, and will in all likelihood be more. That estimate is, of course, merely approximate; it is exceedingly difficult to calculate the effect of the crushing burden of new taxation on the Imperial revenue, or the proportion in which the burden will be distributed over the three Kingdoms. What is quite certain, however, is that the £2,000,000 over-taxation of Scotland in 1914-15 is being substantially increased with every fresh impost. That is one of the legacies of the war to Scotland. That is one of the consequences of the Union, which ought to convince every Scotsman with an instinct for “business” that, even from the mere monetary point of view, the present arrangement does not pay. Dr. Johnson, old English Tory though he was, had a wonderfully shrewd idea of the business methods of his countrymen. “Do not unite with us, Sir,” he said to an Irish friend. “We should unite with you only to rob you; we should have robbed the Scotch if they had had any-

* The enormous reductions made on the Scottish Votes last year, particularly for the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, in comparison with that of similar departments in England and Wales, indicate quite clearly that a considerable part of the necessary economy will be effected at the expense of Scotland.

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thing of which we could have robbed them." The figures we have quoted show, however, that the "predominant partner" has succeeded after all in taking "the breeks off a Hielandman."

Thus far we have taken at their "face value" the various items in the official return of income and expenditure. It is no "gift horse," however, this "burden of Empire," and one may be pardoned therefore for looking it very closely in the mouth. The proceeding is necessary. Closer scrutiny shows that certain items which are included as "Imperial expenditure" represent very largely money spent in England.

The official returns do not show the proportion of the expenditure on the army and the navy which is disbursed in each of the three Kingdoms. In wartime it might be difficult, if not impossible, to do so, but in normal times there does not seem to be any adequate reason why this information should not be given just as is the distribution of the expenditure in various branches of the Civil Service. Such details would quite certainly show that a very large proportion of the sum contributed by Scotland for Imperial purposes goes to swell the profits of the army contractors, ship-building firms, and the great engineering establishments south of the Tweed. The proportion of the military forces maintained in Scotland is very much below the number which, in proportion to population, it ought to be. As regards the navy, the disbursement of the huge expenditure is even more glaringly inequitable, at any rate, in normal times; it is quite impossible for any mere layman to hazard

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an estimate of the distribution of the expenditure at a time when a greatly augmented fleet is keeping watch and ward over the interests of these Kingdoms in every part of the globe. It is well known, however, that by far the greater part of the expenditure on dock-yards, naval and victualling yards, and the provision for the material and armament of the Fleet, goes to the Southern Kingdom, and that, too, despite the fact that the Scottish shipbuilding yards are working at full pressure on Government work, and that on the Clyde and in all the great industrial centres a great army of workers is busily engaged in the manufacture of munitions.

For the financial year, 1914-15, the army and navy charges in the Budget amounted to over £80,000,000. Will any one familiar with the industrial life of the country have the temerity to suggest that Scotland received £8,000,000—its legitimate share of that expenditure? For 1916-17, the expenditure will have mounted up to a total hitherto undreamed of in the history of these Kingdoms.

In the absence of official figures, it is impossible, as I have said, to estimate with any approach to accuracy Scotland's loss, industrially and financially, on the army and navy disbursements, but that it is tolerably substantial will scarcely be disputed by any one familiar with the facts.

The distribution of the expenditure on the Civil Services, etc., can be calculated with much more accuracy. It is necessary, however, in order to ascertain the real financial position of Scotland in this respect, to examine the accounts for civil expenditure in con-

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junction with the details of "local expenditure." The "local expenditure" of the Imperial Parliament for the year 1914-15, amounted, as we have seen, to £91,720,500. The principal items were :—

Post Office Services,	£24,337,000
Cost of Collection of Customs and Excise,	4,602,000
Payment to Local Taxation Acts,	9,529,000
Education, etc.,	20,179,000
Old Age Pensions,	12,626,000

But the sum of £91,720,500 allocated between England, Scotland, and Ireland as "local expenditure," does not include the whole of the cost of Civil Government. In the official return is a fourth column under the heading, "On General Services." The items under this heading total £8,433,500—nearly four-fifths of the Scottish "local" expenditure. With the exception of £1,528,000 allocated to the Road Improvement Fund, practically the whole of this sum represents money spent in England—the bulk of it, indeed, in London. It is quite certain, for example, that only a very moderate proportion of the £838,000 set apart for the Civil List and general charges finds its way to Scotland. Take the following items :—

Annuities to the Royal Family,	£144,500
Retired Allowances to Members of the Household of the late Queen Victoria,	11,000
Retired allowances to Members of the household of the late King Edward,	17,000

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Speaker, House of Commons, ...	£5,000
Exchequer and Audit Department,	3,500
Greenwich Hospital,	4,000
Naval and Military Pensions, ...	19,000

It will be noted that these details represent not only expenditure "furth of Scotland," but, until recently, in the case of certain Princes of Blood Royal now fighting with the enemy, expenditure outwith the United Kingdoms. Even more significant are some of the details of Civil Government expenditure under the heading "General Services." :—

CLASS I.

Osborne,	£5,000
Houses of Parliament—Buildings,	66,500

CLASS II.

House of Lords Offices, ...	£22,500
House of Commons,	297,500
Treasury,	41,000
Foreign Office,	69,000
Colonial Office,	61,500
Board of Trade,	71,000
Exchequer and Audit Department,	28,500
National Debt Office,	12,500
Stationery and Printing, ...	449,000

The total expenditure on these so-called "General Services" in Class II. is £1,215,000. In similar fashion one might go through the whole of the details of "General Charges" in connection with Civil Government. One would find in the other "Classes" such items as

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"Miscellaneous legal charges," £10,500; Police (England and Wales), £100,000; Prisons (England and the Colonies), £4,500; Superannuation and retired allowances, £252,000.

Even a cursory examination of these figures makes it clear that the greater part of the £6,000,000 under the heading "General Services" is spent south of the Border, and very largely in London. It is necessary to take this fact into account when calculating the actual "local expenditure" of the three Kingdoms. When this is done the official figures which we have quoted take a new complexion, the position of England being relatively improved, compared with that of Scotland and Ireland. Fletcher of Saltoun, it will be seen, had a remarkable prevision of the effect of the Union, when in his famous letter of 1st December, 1703, he compared the even then "vast city" of London to "the head of a rickety child which draws to itself the nourishment that should be distributed in due proportions to the rest of the languishing body."

"Justice," continued our "First Home Rule Statesman," "should be administered for all in the most convenient manner that may be, and no man be obliged to seek it at an inconvenient distance. And if the other parts of the Government are not also communicated to every considerable body of men, but that some of them must be forced to depend upon others, and be governed by those who reside far from them, and little value any interest except their own, studying rather how to weaken them in order to make sure of their subjection, I say all such Governments are violent, unjust, and unnatural. I shall add that so many different seats of Government will highly encourage virtue. For all the same offices that belong to a great kingdom must be in each of them; with this difference, that the offices of such a kingdom being

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always burdened with more business than any one man can rightly execute, most things are abandoned to the rapacity of servants ; and the extravagant profits of all great offices plunge them into all manner of luxury, and debauch them from doing good ; whereas the offices of these lesser Governments, extending only over a moderate number of people, will be duly executed, and many men have occasion put into their hands of doing good to their fellow-citizens. So many different seats of Government will highly tend to the improvements of all arts and sciences.

That vindication of Federal Home Rule might have been written yesterday, so appropriately do Fletcher's words apply to the present political and financial situation. One other aspect of the financial drain on Scotland is suggested by the Nationalist pioneer's reference to the hardship of having to seek justice at "an inconvenient distance." I refer to the heavy expense entailed on Scottish public bodies in securing municipal legislation. This question has been referred to from time to time by other writers in the pages of *The Scottish Review*, and there is no need to hammer out the matter unduly. At the same time it has a direct and important bearing on the financial loss entailed on Scotland as a result of the Union. Councillor F. J. Robertson, F.F.I., Edinburgh, in his "Scots Home Rule Catechism," gives the following copy of the account paid by the Town Council of Edinburgh as the price of the "Edinburgh Corporation Act, 1913."

Parliamentary Solicitor, £2546 2s 6d ; Town Clerk's Fee Fund, £1280 14s 1d ; Deputation Expenses, £325 18s 5d ; Printing, Plans, etc., £109 11s 8d ; Advertising, £127 19s 4d ; Miscellaneous Expenses, £74 5s 8d. Total expenses paid by the ratepayers, £4464 11s 7d. Glasgow Town Council, which applied for an Act of Parliament in

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1914, in connection with an extension of its Water Supply, and did not get it, paid nearly £30,000 for nothing. Not only is the financial cost heavy, but the waste of time is appalling. In 1912 the Lord Provost of Glasgow actually spent 43 days in London on Parliamentary business relating to the city, and other members were away for 37, 39, 53, 60, 61, and 76 days respectively. The Town Clerk, in the same year, was in London 73 days, the Depute Town Clerk, 109 days; and members of their staff 262 days.

Councillor P. J. Dollan, a prominent Labour Member of the Glasgow Town Council, sends me the following official figures relating to the expenditure incurred by the Corporation in connection with Parliamentary questions affecting the city:—Session 1904, £5090 17/-; 1905, £14,242 19/5; 1906, £2056 4/-; 1907, £15,009 4/8; 1908, £2497 4/10; 1909, £8547 13/10; 1910, £9732 18/3; 1911, £4184 9/4; 1912, £41,625 13/4.

In 1910 Aberdeen Town Council spent over £17,500 in a futile attempt to obtain a pure water supply for the city, and £1493 in fighting an interdict action—nearly £20,000 for nothing!

To Councillor Peter Gillespie, Dundee, I am indebted for the following details of the expenditure incurred in that city during the past six years in promoting and opposing Bills in London:—Harbour Bill (this represents Town's opposition), £4140 17/10; The Commissioners Order (unopposed), 1910, £425 7/2; Water Order (unopposed), 1911, £834 7/8; Dundee Improvements and Tramways Act, 1913 (unopposed), £1854 19/-; Boundaries Extension and Gas Order, 1914, £697 8/2; Dundee Boundaries Act, 1913 (opposed) £9371 6/4; Dundee Corporation's Order, 1915 (City Hall), unopposed, £544 7/2.

All the other municipalities in Scotland, in pro-

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portion to their size, have incurred, from time to time, similar heavy bills of cost. At a moderate computation, three-fifths of this expenditure is wanton waste, and profits no one save the railway companies and a handful of rapacious English lawyers. The loss to Scotland, as a whole, can scarcely be less than £150,000 per annum. It is true that a slight improvement was effected under the "Private Legislation Procedure (Scotland) Act, 1899," but, all who are familiar with Scottish municipal matters, are agreed that that tinkering measure, promoted by a Conservative Government, has conspicuously failed to achieve the purpose intended. The ever-recurring municipal deputations to London have become one of the scandals of Scottish civic life, but they are unavoidable so long as Scotsmen are content that their country should be a province of England.

Our examination of the national balance-sheet is now practically complete. We have seen that the over-taxation of Scotland for the year 1914-15 was at the lowest computation, £2,000,000, while if due allowance is made for the so-called "Imperial expenditure" disbursed in England, the figure can scarcely be much under £3,000,000. We have seen that, as a result of the war, the over-taxation of Scotland will almost inevitably be doubled—say over £5,000,000, while the drain from the north of the Tweed is still further intensified by the exorbitant cost of promoting municipal legislation. But that is not all the price that Scotland pays for the "boon" of 1707.

The writer of the article in the *Scottish Review*, August, 1887, to which I have already referred, com-

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puts " the loss which Scotland suffers through the withdrawal and diversion to England of so much of the expenditure of the wealthiest classes, and especially of the landed aristocracy, which followed as a consequence of the Union of the Kingdoms, and the transfer of the Legislature from Edinburgh to London " at £2,000,000. The Marquis of Bute pointed out, however, that that calculation left out of consideration " any incomes not derived from land, the fact that to a very large number of Scottish proprietors their annual sojourn in London occupies the greater, and certainly constitutes by far the most costly, portion of their year, and that peers and baronets certainly do not form the half of those whose incomes are thus applied." The Marquis estimated the impoverishment of Scotland from this cause at £6,000,000 to £8,000,000. On this question, the Marquis was certainly entitled to speak with authority. Since then the national wealth of Scotland has increased very considerably. The Scottish landlord of to-day is even more of an absentee than his predecessor of thirty years ago. Even assuming that £6,000,000 to £8,000,000 was the high-water mark three decades ago, it can scarcely be so to-day. In other words, by accepting £8,000,000 as our estimate of the annual loss to Scotland through absentee-landlordism and similar causes at the present day, we are giving the " predominant partner " the advantage and putting the impoverishment of Scotland from this cause at its minimum rather than its maximum. Scotland's net loss as a result of the incorporating Union with England is thus from £12,000,000 to £13,000,000 per

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annum—almost £2 15/- per head of the population. Every week, every month, every year that the war lasts, that loss is steadily increasing.

A big task awaits Nationalists and Home Rulers after the war is over. Only when the people of Scotland obtain control of their own financial, industrial, and economic affairs will the problem of over-taxation be finally and satisfactorily settled.

WILLIAM DIACK.



The European Importance of the Scottish Kingdom



THE text which I have chosen for the present dissertation is the following. The extract is from the polemical writings of Edmund Burke.

A large, liberal, and perspective view of the interests of States passes with them for romance, and the principles that recommend it for the wanderings of a disordered imagination. Littleness in object and in means to them appears soundness and sobriety. They think there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle ; which they can measure with a two-foot rule ; which they can tell upon ten fingers.

This dignified rebuke could not be more proper to ourselves at the present time had it been framed with a view to our peculiar case, or launched in order to our own correction. Large views are at a discount among us, and the voice of the pettifogger resounds through the land. Mediocrity is once more enjoying one of its periodical "Golden Ages," and second-rate men and second-rate measures are all the vogue. Stupidity, says M. Dauban, in his interesting study of the French Revolution, is worse than even Jacobinism. "The most stupid of men (he says) are, of all men, the most dangerous ; because, independently of the evil which they may intend to do, they do, without intending it, the evil which others in the background have an interest of their own to set them doing."

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In a multitude of political cries there will be found to reside, not wisdom, but a plentitude of the platitudes of fools. Of late, our ears have been assailed, and our hearing spoiled, by the shouts of those whose only scale of measurement is a two-foot rule, and their sole means of reckoning the ten fingers of their hands. Scarce a day passes but gives premature birth to a sorry and sickly squad of these rickety cries. To compute their numbers, as to examine their respective burdens, would be equally unprofitable, and infinitely wearisome. One day, it is a cry for "Business Men" to be at the head of public affairs in these kingdoms, touching which a remark addressed to M. Taine by a prominent supporter of the late Mr. John Bright may be commended to the attention of those who are fond to raise this particular sort of ignorant noise. "We believe," said he, speaking for and in name of the manufacturing interest in England, "that specially-trained men are required for the conduct of affairs; men trained from father to son for this end, and occupying an independent and a commanding station." Is it necessary to instruct the busy fomentors of this particular craze that a soap-boiler on a large scale is not necessarily a born politician, or that the millionaire proprietor of a half-penny news-sheet is not a finished diplomat by reason of that fact, however greedily the groundlings may read, or however vociferously the barbarians who inhabit the mansions of Mayfair* may applaud, his "despatches"?

* The barbarians who inhabit the banks of the Thames."—*David Hume.*

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The next day the hosts of the militant lunatics sally forth to make the political welkins ring with an insensate cry of "Compulsion-all-round!" Everybody, apparently, is to be compelled to do something or other in order to get England out of the sorry mess into which she has dragged, not only herself, but the kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland, together with those lesser States which have the misfortune to be tied to her. What we are all to be compelled to do matters little, apparently, so long as it be something that is entirely subversive of individual liberty, utterly repugnant to our feelings and sentiments, and excruciatingly hurtful to our consciences. In fine, every trifling fool and egregious busy-body in the three kingdoms is now agog—scattering counsel this way and that, firing off plans and schemes to cure distempers at home and mischiefs abroad, much as school boys discharge squibs and rockets, or savages flint-locks and arquebuses, in order to mark their sense of the importance of particular occasions and events. In a din so infernal as that which daily assaults our ears, and insults our intelligence, who is there that will presume to descry a prognostic favourable to the well-being of any State? Does not the very multitude of these cries indicate the gravity of the disease of which they are a symptom? Does not the bewildering variety of these noises proclaim the incompetence of the quacks who have impudently called themselves in, in order to prescribe for the patient? "There is only one cause," says Hallam somewhere, "for the want of great men in any period—nature does not think fit to produce them. They are no creatures of education and

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circumstance." But our amateur genius-finders are neither students, nor respecters, of nature. Divining-rod in hand, they have diffused themselves over the sterile and arid wastes of contemporary English politics, and day by day may we see them busily engaged in trying to discover copious springs of the purest and brightest political talent in places where it cannot but be apparent to all other men that scarce a solitary blade of even the lowest form of intellectual growth can be made to flourish.

But the seekers of saviours that refuse to be forthcoming, and the noisy hawkers of remedies that are a thousand times more noxious than the distempers which they profess to be able to cure, are not the only bad symptoms whose appearance characterises the crisis through which these kingdoms are presently passing. The flood-gates of political ignorance are unloosed ; an immense volume of turgid and confused political small-talk has rolled over the land ; and the air is darkened by some of the absurdest political counsel and maxims that the fertile imagination of those who dabble in the difficult science sought to be fixed by Metternich has ever produced. I apprehend that to glance at one of these vulgar generalisations will, so far as Scotland is concerned, suffice to indicate the intellectual quality of the rest, as well as to exhaust intelligent interest in respect of so transparently contemptible a catalogue.

We are accustomed to be told nowadays that Scotland's part and destiny are alongside England ; that for this ancient and formerly relatively powerful kingdom there is nowadays no standing

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alone ; and that were our present connection with England dissolved, Scotland would, sooner or later, fall a prey to foreign ambition and lust of power. I propose briefly to discuss this crazy theory, which is as derogatory to ourselves, as it is antagonistic to the lessons to be drawn from a study of our history.

It seems to me that the history of Scotland is more susceptible than that of any other country, with whose particulars I am acquainted, of being divided off into a convenient number of periods or epochs ; because, in our own case, these, as it were natural, divisions, are so strongly marked that they cannot but be apparent to even the most superficial student of our national story. The first of these epochs, or periods, I take to be that extending from our known historical beginnings to the death of Alexander III. in the year 1285. The second extends from the failure of the Atholl dynasty to the conclusion of the Great War of Independence ; the third, from the accession of Robert the Bruce to the crown to the death of James III. ; the fourth, from the latter event to the accession of James VI. to the English throne ; but the fifth, and the remaining divisions, I do not regard it as incumbent on me here to specify. Suffice it to say that they are there for those who run to read—they are quite as easy to be distinguished as those are so that I have already named ; and are in no way less edifying and entertaining than their predecessors in my list.

The limits which I have assigned to the present observations do not unfortunately here admit of my treating of the age of the Alexanders with that degree of detail which the importance of those reigns, no less

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than my own regard for the memory of these great kings, inclines me to devote to them. To a future impression of this *Review*, I hope to be permitted to contribute a particular study of the reign of Alexander III., a king, it seems to me, whose noble record is by no means as familiar to modern Scotsmen as it should be, and the existing story of whose many and notable achievements might easily and usefully be supplemented by historical data drawn from the histories of those Continental States with which he cultivated intimate relations, and by whose rulers he was esteemed as one of the wisest and best princes of the Christendom of those times.

But though I must reluctantly reserve for a future, that which a lively sense of the importance of his reign greatly importunes me to do on the present, occasion ; yet I cannot now withdraw, as it were, from the august presence of that mighty prince (Alexander III.) without doing some small measure of homage to his memory. For not only was Alexander a man that loved peace and ensued it ; who respected justice and executed it ; who was jealous of the honour and dignity of his country, and obliged others to venerate, or fear, it ; who sought his subjects' ease and happiness, and secured those benefits to them as far as in him lay ; who loved pomp and magnificence, and cultivated circumstance, not for their own empty sakes, but as a means to show forth the wealth and power of his kingdom ; not only, I say, was Alexander a prince of this sort, but a study of his reign will be found to supply the best corrective imaginable to the wild opinions of those base blockheads and sorry knaves who,

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nowadays, go about to persuade us that there is no living in the world for Scotland, save as an appendage, or a province of England.

Certain of our historians tell us that the age of the Alexanders was, for many succeeding generations, looked back to with uncommon pride and affection by the Scottish people, who venerated the memory of these "Kings of peace," and had a lively and enduring affection for these so able and generous dispensers of national prosperity and power. They did right to do so; and, doubtless, were the more encouraged to give a loose to sentiment in this respect by reason of the ills and misfortunes that befell our country in consequence of the national struggle for independence. That bloody and protracted campaign against "the ambition of an able and unscrupulous foe"* exhausted our country, and gave rise to a number of economic ills which cut off the State from its former flourishing condition; paralysed the trade of Scotland for a great number of years; and put a lengthy period to its development on the lines successfully laid down by the Alexanders. But, after the death of Robert the Bruce, mischiefs greater even than these arose to trouble the State, and cloud its economic prospects. The nobles entered upon their injurious struggle with the kings, which further greatly distressed the kingdom, by banishing internal peace and harmony for a number of years, both which are of so great importance to the successful prosecution of trade that no country can flourish wherein order, respect for law, and settled government do not obtain.

* "Scotland under her Early Kings," vol. ii., page 180.

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These injurious and purely artificial conditions were, however, greatly mitigated, if not entirely removed, through the channel of the accession of James IV. to the throne—the best prince that the country had enjoyed since the death of Robert the Bruce. James IV. set to work to repair the ravages caused by the late protracted struggle between the crown and the aristocracy. He laboured to improve the trade of the country; and the progress that he made in that respect, from the day on which he succeeded to the throne to that fatal one on which his quixotic notions cost himself his life, and his kingdom the loss of an able and accomplished protector and ruler, is something meet to be marvelled at, as all our historians are agreed to acknowledge. Moreover, it was during this reign that the importance of Scotland relatively to the principal powers of the Christendom of those times was once more made manifest. The famous triangular duel between Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. was now on the carpet. The sudden rise of England to a position of importance in the politics of Europe at a time when the resources of that country were little capable of supporting her pretensions in that respect was due to the statesmanship of Wolsey, and the weakness of Leo X., assisted by a combination of other circumstances whose impartial study cannot but persuade us of the largely artificial character of that sudden and unexpected elevation. The whole population of England did not then exceed that of a modern city; the annual revenue was less than that which is now received in a single day; the kingdom was without dependencies, and

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had no fleet ; and Scotland and Ireland so effectually addressed the political balance that, without the alliance with the House of Burgundy, Henry's claim to the Imperial diadem would not have been considered as worth a day's purchase by any responsible European statesman. In the stirring events of those days, the part assigned to Scotland as the ally of the French competitor for the lordship of Christendom was as splendid as it was gratifying to the national pride of the Scots, who, until the bogus Union of 1707 had thoroughly undone them, rotting them, and causing them to degenerate from the exalted standard furnished by the valour and patriotism of their forefathers, were ever remarkable for zeal for fatherland, and pride of their country's position as one of the leading independent States of Christendom.* Dealing with the events of a later reign, the historian Robertson observes, "Scotland, by its situation, threw so much weight and power into whatever scale it fell, that all Europe waited with solicitude for Mary's determination ; and no event in that age excited stronger

* The Roman Empire ended with Romulus Augustulus, who died 476 ; but the tradition of its territorial pretensions lived on until the empire was restored in the person of Charlemagne. By this means was continued, in a theoretical form or manner, the tradition of a once great imperial fact. I have read somewhere, though precisely where I am unable at this moment to say, that of those States which theoretically formed the second Roman Empire, Scotland was one. The theory undoubtedly obtained in the middle ages that Western Christendom formed, under Pope and Emperor, one Commonwealth. I believe I am correct in saying that the style "admitted by Imperial Authority" is still used in Scotland on the occasion of the formal admission of solicitors to the exercise of their legal functions.

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political fears and jealousies ; none interested more deeply the passions of several princes, or gave rise to more contradictory intrigues, than the marriage of the Scottish Queen.”*

But, let us return to the reign of James IV., that great prince who, taking advantage of the circumstances of the times, so improved them as to raise his country to a situation for whose equivalent in respect of importance, wealth, and dignity, we shall look in vain in the history of the Scottish monarchy subsequent to the death of Robert I. It was during this reign that the affairs of Scotland began again to be mingled with those of other nations, and to exercise that considerable influence on them which was the natural and proper consequence of the geographical situation, intrinsic power, and ancient prestige of the kingdom, ably fomented and improved as these important advantages were by the lively genius of our Statesmen. “The situation of Scotland in the political state of Europe,” says Robertson, “was so important ; its influence on the operations of the neighbouring kingdoms was so visible, that its history becomes an object of attention to foreigners ; and without some knowledge of the various and extraordinary revolutions which happened there, they cannot form a just notion with respect either to the most illustrious events, or to the characters of the most distinguished personages, in the sixteenth century.”

Some of our minor historians have written as though Scotland was, throughout many ages, nothing but the constant bubble of the French Alliance. “The

* *History of Scotland*, vol. ii., p. 89.

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Scottish people," says Mr. W. L. Matheson,* "profited in many ways through intercourse with the superior civilisation of France; but whether the State, as such, was a gainer by its alliance with that country is extremely doubtful." It would not be difficult to quote from works belonging to the same category similar expressions of opinion; and there would appear to be a general impression abroad nowadays that, on the whole, the ancient connection with France was injurious, rather than advantageous, to Scotland. But such views, to which, I beg leave to observe in passing, our principal historians do not afford the least encouragement, are not such as any serious student of European history and politics will condescend to endorse.† The Franco-Scottish alliance was of the last importance, as well to France as to our own country. It would be easy to prove, too, that the whole of Europe found their account in it. For more years than I am here prepared

* *Politics and Religion*, vol. i. p. 1.

† This is not to say, however, that they unreservedly applauded the Alliance on all occasions. Far from it. The alliance was, doubtless (as, indeed, are all man's shifts and endeavours) tinged with evil, but there can be no doubt that its end was good. Its correspondence thereto was uniform and exact enough to justify its so long continuance. For both countries, the alliance was a defensive measure; it was entered into by both parties in order to preserve the independence of their respective countries; and the verdict of history, as regards the manner in which it contributed to secure that lofty aim and object, is, that it was eminently successful. Without it, Scotland would have early succumbed to the superior power of England. It is vain to speculate how France might have fared without the support so often and so generously accorded her by her ancient ally; but here, too, the probable consequences of a policy of isolation would have been injurious in the extreme.

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to number, it was the capital pivot on which Western politics turned; and though, doubtless, that which is of magnitude is not necessarily to be applauded on that ground alone, yet it so happens that, in this particular case, the benefits received fell not far short of the importance of the channel through which they flowed to both principals in the bargain. At Beaugé, Crevant, Verneuil, and on many another battlefield, the French arms received the assistance of the warlike address and notable bravery of the Scottish troops. Numbers of our ancestors were privileged to fight under the banner of the heroic Maid of Orleans; and the prominent part which our country played in freeing France from the English yoke has been as candidly acknowledged, as it has been warmly and gratefully praised, by the historians of that country. Henri II. was enabled to wrest the important town of Boulogne out of the hands of the English, owing to his alliance with Mary of Guise, the Queen Dowager of Scotland. The best proof, however, that the Alliance was regarded by France as of the last importance to the independence and the political interests in general of that country is supplied by the fact that this celebrated connection (which is unique in the annals of such international understandings) endured from the year 1295 till the accession of James VI. to the English throne, when, for the first time for centuries, it was laid aside. But even then, it did not cease to exercise a powerful influence on the minds of Scotsmen, or disappear from their views touching what was proper to be done in order to safeguard the political interests of the Kingdom. In the wars between Charles I.

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and his Scottish subjects, the Alliance was so far revived that, on one occasion, Commissioners were sent from Scotland to France to treat of the re-establishment of the ancient understanding and correspondence between the two countries.

The principal advantage of the Alliance, so far as Scotland was concerned, consisted in the fact that it preserved the independence of the kingdom. Thus, it was of the first importance to the State. So long as the correspondence and understanding between Scotland and France endured, the aims of English aggression could not be realised. These might, and, indeed, did, obtain temporary triumphs ; but, in order to undo the national resistance to the English policy as regards Scotland, a permanent occupation of our country would have been necessary. The Scots of those days were not like unto those of our own times. They loved their country, and esteemed independence above all other earthly possessions. Moreover, they were familiar with the history of their own land, and were accustomed to draw from it such inspirations and lessons as rendered resistance to English aggression a capital article of their political faith. Thus, supported and encouraged by France, whose interests, no less than our own, consisted in unwavering opposition to English designs, Scotland preserved her independence by means of an Alliance which secured to her, not only that blessing which of all others is thought to be the most considerable that any nation or kingdom can enjoy—namely, national freedom—but drew to herself, through the same channel, a number of other benefits and advantages, not the least important

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of which consisted in the establishment of intimate trade relations between herself and her ancient friend and ally of France.

The friendly connection with France was of the greatest service to the Scottish traders and merchants. The wines, silks, and other products of our ally were received into our ports, from which issued, by way of exchange, Scottish vessels laden with the merchandise of this kingdom. Scottish traders swarmed in the commercial centres of France, Holland, and Flanders; whilst those of Sweden, Germany, Russia, and the Baltic littoral generally, were penetrated in like manner, and by the same agents, though doubtless in not so great numbers. But these commercial advantages, valuable and respectable though no doubt they were, were not the only ones of secondary rank that Scotland drew, as well directly from her connection with France, as indirectly from that important situation among the European nations which this Kingdom enjoyed by reason of her friendship with her rich and powerful ally. The effect of the Alliance on the Scottish character and national undertakings was not otherwise than favourable. It drew vast numbers of our countrymen to the Continent of Europe, and caused them to be used in the habits, manners, customs, and ways of thought of divers peoples and kingdoms. It brought them off from falling victims to what is, perhaps, the prevailing vice of Englishmen—insularity.* It opened their minds,

* The manners of the English abroad have, from time immemorial, left a great deal to be desired. One observer, Nigellus Wireker, remarks of the English students who, in his time, resorted to Paris,

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stimulated their inventive faculties and creative energies, and broadened their views ; supplying, also, the foundation of that reputation for " adaptibility to circumstances " which the Scot abroad even yet enjoys, in spite of his so long and intimate connection with a people so little intelligent, slow to move, and backward and reactionary in respect of all their ways, manners, customs, and habits of thought as the English.

It was said of the Rome of Caesar Augustus, *lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit*. A somewhat similar encomium is meet to be passed on James IV. That great prince found Scotland a struggling monarchy greatly divided against itself, and he left it an united and a powerful kingdom. He drew his country once again within the stream of European politics ; and secured it a measure of honour and renown such as it had not enjoyed since the successful reign of Robert the Bruce. Moreover, under this King's sway, the national wealth of the kingdom was greatly increased ; and though the relative wealth of Scotland has never stood higher than it did in the reign of good King Alexander III., yet the contrast offered by the commercial state of the kingdom under James III. and that to which it attained during the lifetime

' Fercula multiplicant et sine lege bibunt :
Washeil et drincheil, *nec non persona secunda* :
Hæc tria sunt vitia quae comitantur eos.'

The ill manners of the English abroad, and the bad repute of that nation on that account, supplies an additional reason why Scotsmen should resist the modern tendency to the use of the word " Briton " as an indifferent appellation for the inhabitants of the three kingdoms.

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of his son and successor is sufficiently large and striking to justify our saying that here, too, the fourth King James revolutionised his kingdom. Unfortunately, James V. was not the prince we know his father to have been. Yet Scotland stood high in European repute throughout this reign also. The Pope and the Emperor courted the friendship of the King of Scots, which caused Henry VIII. of England to enter into a rivalry, which, scarce less flattering than the advances of the other two rulers I have named, might have been in part, or treated of as a whole, so improved as to secure to Scotland that enduring peace of which she stood so much in need, after the troubles that characterised the close of the previous reign. But though James was desirous enough to follow in the footsteps of the "Kings of Peace," yet circumstances, or the weakness of his own character, were too strong for him. The nobles—those noisome pests of feudal Europe—rose up against him. Once more, the Scottish house was divided against itself. Once more, a capital, though a purely artificial, cause of anarchy, bloodshed, misery, and national poverty was, through the weakness of the King, his measures, and his ministers, suffered to usurp control of the immediate fortunes of the nation. And though, as we have already seen, the European position won for Scotland, or rather restored to her, by means of the efforts of James IV., was continued to her throughout a great part of the reign of the unfortunate Mary, yet was the prop or backbone of that flattering ascendancy—the wealth and prosperity of the realm—withdrawn from our country, as soon as peace ceased to be the policy that lay nearest to

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the hearts of our sovereigns, or the evils of the times, stronger than their characters, rendered all their good intentions of no effect.

Although our historians have properly laid great stress on the mischiefs wrought by the feudal nobility, yet it would seem that the public has been somewhat slow to grasp the full extent of the injuries which they were the wretched means of inflicting on our country. It is at the door of the nobles that the threefold responsibility must be laid of exposing the kingdom to the constant recurrence of paroxysms of lawlessness and unrest ; of impoverishing Scotland, and preventing the normal development of its trade ; and of periodically lowering its importance in the eyes of Europe by reason of their numerous feuds and rebellions, which were as destructive of the internal prosperity and harmony of the kingdom as they were hurtful to its power and dignity abroad. No doubt other countries passed through the same dire experiences ; but the fact that they did so can be little consolatory to ourselves. Gibbon traces the germ of the feudal system to the institutions of the later Roman emperors ; but however that may be, we know that feudalism was at least a century old when Hugh Capet acquired the crown of France. The Frankish kings, whether Merovingian or Carolingian, had not needed to build strong castles ; neither had the great landed proprietors done so. But the troubles of the ninth and tenth centuries, joined to the Norman invasions of France, rendered feudalism—that is to say local sovereignty—a necessity of the times. The defenceless populations eagerly accepted of the protection of the chief whose

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house was a castle. And from those beginnings, it is easy to understand how, in course of time, the noble passed from defiance of the invaders and despoilers of his country to defiance of the power and authority of his nominal lord and master, the King. It was Louis XI. that undermined, and Richelieu that finally dissipated, the overwhelming power of the French nobles ; and had not Mazarin and Louis XIV. been as greedy of dominion as ever the most powerful and ambitious noble was in the heyday of aristocratic power and privilege, the political consequences to France of subjecting the nobles to the authority of the crown had not been otherwise than beneficial in the extreme.

In Scotland, the struggle between the nobles and the crown—precipitated by causes very different to those glanced at above*—followed a course, and manifested a character, little, if anything, different from those that distracted and weakened France, Germany, Hungary, Italy, and the other European countries into which feudalism had been introduced. *Inter arma silent leges.* Lawlessness, bloodshed, and poverty flourished in the path of the successive tragedies that convulsed and swept over the land. To this cause—the constant feuds and repeated rebellions of the nobles—is to be attributed all that misery and poverty which disfigure so many a page of Scottish history, and render so much of it inexpressibly melancholy to read. The geographical situation of our country, joined to its natural resources

* The cause in our case was the substitution of the feudal, in place of the native, or Celtic, system, of government.

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and the genius of its inhabitants, were more than sufficient to maintain the kingdom in that state of prosperity at home and authority abroad to which it was raised under the firm and wise rule of the two Alexanders, Robert I., and James IV. It is, indeed, melancholy to reflect that weak and vicious kings on the one hand, and a set of men, little better than titled ruffians and freebooters, on the other, should have had it in their power to mar for so long a period of time, and in so cruel and injurious a fashion, the state and fortunes of a kingdom which, under normal conditions, is clearly capable of rising to the highest pitch of prosperity and power that is attainable under the circumstances and conditions that control and govern its being. It is surely melancholy enough when a State answers not to the just expectations formed of it by a knowledge of its natural capabilities and resources. It may wreck all by reason of its own infirmities and follies ; but when that occurs, and it falls, it does so because of its own misdeeds, which are to be considered as enemies that it has itself raised up to its own prosperity. But, when avoidable, and, in a manner, purely artificial, causes lie at the root of a country's undoing, or are suffered to gain so great an ascendancy over it as to overshadow its whole career, so that the few brief intervals of prosperity which it enjoys are to the whole but as fleeting gleams of sunlight to many a day of violent storm, then does our melancholy cease to be philosophic, and a feeling of irritation and vexation usurps its room. Before the accession of James to the English throne, it was Scotland's fate to suffer grievously,

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and many times, through the presence of her nobility ; after that event, the removal of the Crown and Court to England was the capital cause of the poverty and misgovernment of the country. Was ever political paradox cast in so strange and provoking a form ?

But it is now time that I should draw these observations, which I have conducted,

per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,

to a close. I hope I have done something to show the folly of the opinion that Scotland is incapable of standing alone. Were such a thing possible, and were Scotland and our country's power and wealth to-morrow put up to public roup in the *chancelleries* of Christendom, it would be found that the greatest nations of the earth would enter into eager competition, the one against the other, in order to secure our alliance and our friendship. The geographical situation of our country ; the intrinsic worth and merit of its inhabitants ; its riches ; and its prestige as one of the oldest of the monarchies of Europe would be sufficient to attract the presence of the briskest, most knowledgeable, and most wealthy bidders. Excessive modesty is not a fault which is apt to be charged upon my countrymen ; but as regards the question of the relative importance of Scotland in the existing European political system, the modern Scotsman is apt to be something more than modest as regards his country's claims. Doubtless, if we probe this singular humour to its source, we shall find that it springs, not from native modesty, but from national ignorance. When in Paris, the English statesman, Pulteney,

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frequented the famous *salon* of Madame du Deffand. "I remember," he wrote, "that one day the conversation fell upon our history of England. How confused and surprised at the same time was I to see that the persons composing the company knew all that history better than we knew it ourselves." The history of our own country is equally neglected by the modern Scot. Ignorance of the past spoils the present, and clouds and threatens the future. We are presently led by a set of men with whom "large, liberal, and perspective views of the interests of States passes for romance"; the "principles that recommend them for the wanderings of a disordered imagination"; with whom "littleness in object and in means appears soundness and sobriety"; and who think that "there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle; which they can measure with a two-foot rule; and which they can tell upon ten fingers." In fine, owing to the pretended Union of 1707, the far greatest part of the Scottish nation has degenerated into a contemptible rabble of vulgar bagmen and *commis-voyageurs*, amazingly and scandalously ignorant of their own history, and governed and controlled by the most sordid, narrow, and trifling political principles and maxims imaginable.

MARR.



The Tree of Tradition

LONDON,

May 15th, 1332 (1916).

MY DEAR AHMED,

The longer I stay in England, and the wider I extend the range of my observation, the more cause do I see to thank Allah, the Compassionate and Merciful, for having guided my vagrant steps to this blessed country. After the miserable years I have spent in Turkey, Persia, and China—where the sacrilegious axe of political and social reformation is for ever uplifted against all the venerable customs of the past—it is most pleasant to find myself in a land where the past is honoured, where change is abhorred, and where Tradition, seated on an ancient, consecrated throne, holds firm sway over the lives of men. Everything here speaks of times gone by, and as I move about I am conscious that I tread in the footsteps of antiquity.

We still have, it is true, our Conservatives in Turkey; but their conservatism beside that of the English is little better than a feeble willow tree beside a sturdy oak fixed to the soil by a thousand tough and stringy roots. This I affirm advisedly, and nowise in the spirit of exaggeration: for I have not been content to gaze upon these people with the eye of an idle tourist. I have studied them with the serious assiduity of a philosopher, penetrating beneath the surface of their characters, diving to the very bottom of their minds.

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Statesmen and clergymen, princes and peasants, bankers and beggars, masters and servants—the whole nation in all its classes has, as it were, sat to me for its portrait ; and, much as they may differ among themselves, all the figures that fill my album have this one trait in common : a veneration for the inheritance from yesterday, such as would have done no discredit to our own forefathers of the glorious period of Suleiman the Magnificent—the peace of the Prophet be with him.

It were a great presumption in me to attempt, within the compass of a letter, an elaborate catalogue of all the English institutions wherein this virtue manifests itself. I will, therefore, confine myself to a small selection of examples (obvious to all who have had any acquaintance with this country), subjoining to each example some reflexions and considerations of my own, and trusting that from such minute observations, O excellent Ahmed, your sagacity will extract instruction. The volume of experience is the book of wisdom ; and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection.

It has been my good fortune to be present at the opening of several Parliaments, and each time I beheld the honourable members of the House of Commons scrambling for seats, as the street dogs of Stamboul scramble for a bone thrown in their midst by some charitable hand ; the reason being that, while there are 670 members, there is not sitting accommodation for more than 350—the number that sat in the days of Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory. Upon asking why the House is not enlarged, or, if that is impracticable, why is not a new one built, I was informed that



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both suggestions have been repeatedly made, that many schemes have been propounded at various times, and that half-a-century ago even a select Committee was appointed to consider the whole question. That Committee, after many deliberations and many consultations with architectural experts, succeeded in evolving a plan which was unanimously approved, which was definitely adopted, and which was finally shelved. For, though its merits were recognised, its execution would have involved a change.

It cannot, of course, be denied that this limitation of space is responsible for some inconveniences, of which congestion is the least. After all, the scramble for seats occurs only at the opening of a new Parliament, when curiosity allures every member to the scene. This eagerness soon wears off: the eye is rapidly satisfied with seeing, and the ear wearied with hearing, and familiarity with Parliamentary glory breeds indifference. But whether the House be brimful or not, its business must go on. And it is there that the lack of room makes itself constantly felt. To transact that business, the House has to go into Committee, which means that the Speaker must get out of his chair, and leave the Chairman of Committees to preside. But in order to do so, he must step down from the dais on which stands his chair, and this momentous move cannot be made without much circumspection; else the two high functionaries would collide in the narrow space which separates their respective chairs, to the great detriment of their dignity. The upshot is that business has to adapt itself to the building, instead of the building to the business; and the process of legis-

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lation (which is called here "advancing Bills by stages") may be compared for speed to the locomotion of a tired tortoise.

Besides these structural impediments, there are endless rules of procedure, rites, and strange mysteries, which, originally founded upon necessity, are now observed merely because of their antiquity; also many relics of dress, of speech, of deportment, that have come down from ages long dead, and now serve no other purpose than to obstruct the course of business. I will not include among the number the Speaker's wig. At first sight it might strike a hasty spectator, contented with superficial knowledge, as a useless anachronism; but deeper reflection corrects that view. My own opinion is that false hair is as necessary to an English Speaker as it is to an English judge. No head, however wise, can make itself respected in England unless it is covered with a wig. Indeed, it can be safely asserted that the awe which the President of the English Chamber inspires in its members is due quite as much to the decorative hair on the outside of his head as to the brains within. To understand this, my dear Ahmed, you have but to think of the respect which we in Turkey pay to the turban of our Mufti.

However, the same plea of necessity cannot, with equal confidence, be predicated of some other English Parliamentary customs. For instance, it seems to me highly improbable that, in the cellars of Westminster Palace, there are still any barrels of gunpowder left from the plot of 1604 (for the whole edifice, I have been informed by an English Bishop of unquestionable veracity, was destroyed by fire in 1835, and was rebuilt in

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1867), or that the arch-plotter, Guy Fawkes by name, can still be hiding there. Nevertheless, the hunt for him forms to this day an indispensable preliminary to the opening of each session. So reluctant are English statesmen to relinquish a custom once established. The same reluctance is illustrated not less vividly by another familiar ceremony. Every afternoon a janitor walks through the lobbies of the House, crying out with a loud voice, "Who goes home?" The cry originated in times when Westminster was a city separated from London by a robber-infested wilderness. In those times, members going home at night sought safety in numbers; and that janitor's predecessors were instrumental in making up the travelling parties. Centuries have passed, the wilderness and its robbers have passed away; but the cry, "Who goes home?" is still heard in the halls of Westminster every evening while Parliament sits.

In these two cases, it is possible to trace through the mists of antiquity the origin of the rite. In others the rite remains, but its origin is a mere matter for ingenious conjecture. Sometimes an accident, pure and simple, appears to have established a precedent. To this category belongs the rule which obliges the Speaker-elect, when ascending the Chair, to halt with one foot on the topmost flight of steps, and in that odd position to thank the House, always in the same words, for the honour bestowed on him. The explanation offered for this singular performance is that once upon a time there was a Speaker-elect who, being lame or nervous, happened to stumble at that point of the proceedings; and thus, for all time since, every new Speaker is made to stumble on to eminence.

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These are but a few of the countless examples of Parliamentary conservatism that might be mentioned. Now and then persons have arisen impious enough to suggest that it is time for the Parliament of a business nation to vindicate its claim to be a business assembly by sweeping with a ruthless besom these ancient practices into the dustbin of oblivion. But their impiety has proved harmless ; for nowhere are hereditary habits and usages regarded with more reverence than in this elective assembly. To English legislators the least deviation from the ways of the past is a departure from the ways of nature—nay, of God. The youngest member looks upon it as his duty and privilege to be a watchful guardian of the traditions of the House, and often speaks about them in terms that might seem extravagant in the mouth of a modern Turkish Shekh-ul-Islam.

What I have said of English legislators is equally true of English administrators. Like our own pashas before the advent of the Young Turks (whose perdition may Allah expedite !) the Ministers who control the various Government Departments are slow to believe in novelties, esteeming all customs once established to be ultimate, divine, and the rule for a nation to walk by, nothing doubting, not inquiring further, even in matters of life and death ; thereby offering a noble contrast to other European countries. Take a single instance. From the very outbreak of the present war, the French, with their usual love of novelty, hastened to supply their soldiers with steel helmets and cuirasses. It was only months afterwards that the English War Office began to adopt this unaccustomed mode of protection. Similarly, it displayed no alacrity to copy the enemy's

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use of trench mortars, even when the superiority of these new weapons was demonstrated at its expense.

I may mention a little personal experience by way of an additional illustration. Last month we had a series of raids by hostile air-ships. As one of these occurred in a part of Scotland where an old friend of mine lives, I telegraphed three times to inquire whether it was all well with him. To those messages I could obtain no answer, and afterwards I ascertained that they never reached their destination: the telegraph wires had been blown down by the wind. This breakdown happens every winter, and for days together all telegraphic communication between London and Scotland is interrupted. The recurring inconvenience would have made any other Western people long ago lay the wires underground, and I understand that fifteen years ago there was an agitation to that effect in England. But it ended as all attempts at innovation end in this country.

It is needless to multiply instances. The Sublime Porte in its palmiest days could not show a more strenuous adherence to the past than is shown by Whitehall. For a hundred years and more the forces of Reformation and Transformation have been successfully assailing the Governments of Europe. But in English rigidity they found their match and were shattered. France and Germany are not what they were, but England is where it was, and its body politic is the same, and its politicians are as we see. To change is human; to live on unchanged, not subject to the alterations of Time, the last stage whereof is dissolution, is divine. It follows that the less men yield to the

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pressure of altering circumstances, the nearer they approximate to God who knoweth no change, but is the same now as ever.

Not a little of the zeal for the past which distinguishes English politicians is no doubt due to the education they receive at places like Oxford and Cambridge. Both those famous seats of learning are as richly furnished with ancient customs and forms as old tombs are with ivy and dry moss. Rules laid down in days when undergraduates were boys of twelve continue in undiminished force over youths of twenty-two, and even, in some cases, over patriarchs of fifty. No student below the degree of Master of Arts, let his age be what it may, is allowed to leave his lodgings after ten o'clock at night or to stay out after twelve. It is said that a statute still forbids Cambridge scholars to trundle hoops in the streets, and another confers on the members of a certain college the privilege of playing marbles on the steps of the Senate House.

Such is the attitude of the English Universities in all that relates to conduct. Their attitude towards culture is even more instructive. Four centuries ago all knowledge worth the name was Greek and Latin knowledge. In the interval Europe has produced a literature of its own. Nevertheless, the ancient writers of Greece and Rome still dominate English education ; and many a graduate of Oxford and Cambridge, who can make Greek and Latin poetry by the yard, is hardly able to put together two sentences of ordinary English prose. This was the maxim that governed Turkish education also when I was a boy : we were taught Persian and Arabic in preference to our mother tongue,

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and no genuine Osmanli gentleman knew a word of French, English, or German. In the English Universities I have recognised, to my vast contentment, the fine antique spirit of our own old Medressehs.

It is true that modern languages and sciences, after a long and severe struggle, have forced their way into those citadels of classical erudition. But though admitted to the rights of citizenship, they are treated as social upstarts. To the typical English scholar, culture still means a thorough grounding in the principles of Greek Grammar and Latin Syntax. Chemistry, Medicine, Engineering may be necessary, as tradespeople are necessary ; but they are justly considered unfit for polite society.

Thus we see a proper spirit of veneration for the past and of contempt for the present instilled in English politicians from their youth ; and the attachment to traditional modes of thought and behaviour which they acquire at Oxford or Cambridge accompanies them into Parliament. The similitude between the world of learning and the world of politics is well symbolised by the punctilious etiquette in the matter of dress that pervades both. Any Member of Parliament who, after the Speaker has taken the Chair, would venture to move an inch with his hat on (though he may sit covered, provided he sits still) would be assailed by a tempest of execration from the outraged assembly. Even so a University student who has passed his examinations with credit would be denied a degree if he ventured to affront the sensibilities of the Vice-Chancellor by presenting himself in a coat not absolutely black.

But though education fosters this spirit, it would be

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an error to say that it begets it. For we find the same habit of mind even in those classes of the English people who never enjoyed the advantages of an archaic education. Faith in the past is a faith that lives in the heart of every Englishman. The English farmer farms in the same way in which his ancestors did, and cherishes the most profound aversion for new agricultural methods and implements : he would rather starve by adhering to tradition than prosper by countenancing innovation. The English merchant and manufacturer clings to the commercial and industrial usages of his forefathers as steadfastly as the farmer clings to the ancestral plough, and refuses to adopt a new fashion even when he sees his foreign competitors ousting him from the market : he prefers to lose his customers, rather than accommodate himself to their requirements. A German is ready for the sake of filthy lucre to sacrifice his national traditions, making and selling to the inhabitants of Asia and Africa the goods which they demand, instead of insisting that they should buy and use the goods which he makes. He is ready to communicate with them in their own language, and to adopt their own style of counting, measuring, and weighing. The English trader is far above such weak concessions to expediency. He will not part with one ounce of his inherited principles for all the profit in the world.

Even this universal war, the shock whereof has been felt by every country and nation, during the first year left English farmers and traders comparatively unmoved. A request was addressed to them by the Government to employ women, so that they might relieve men for military service ;

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and thousands of women came forward offering their services. But it was soon realised that on the land there was a deep-rooted principle against female labour. Many farmers deliberately decided to let their fields remain fallow, rather than have them tilled and sown by female hands. Likewise in urban districts, until lately, few women succeeded in obtaining employment, however well qualified they might be for it. And it is characteristic of the ingrained conservatism of this remarkable community that the very Government which urged private employers to innovation refused for a long time to set them the example. Most of the public departments tried to retain as many male workers as possible, and, where the admission of women proved unavoidable, they limited the number admitted to the minimum, while some absolutely declined to part with a single man, thus depriving the country of soldiers rather than deviate from the traditional routine.

From this you will perceive, my dear Ahmed, that the feelings of Englishmen respecting women differ in no way from ours. Their notions about the sex coincide with those prevailing in Turkey ; and its employment in any sphere outside the domestic is deemed inconsistent with the prosperity of the nation. So strong is this conviction as to over-ride even reasons of military exigency. It is one of the many points of resemblance between the England of the present day and Turkey at the remotest periods of her history that render my sojourn here so agreeable.

There is, O Ahmed, something very impressive and inspiring, something inexpressibly beautiful and almost

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sublime, about this devotion to traditional routine, regardless of cost. The Tree of Tradition is a sacred tree ; and not even the minutest twig, dead though it may be, shall be cut away, lest the whole tree perish. Woe, then, to them who lay irreverent hands upon the holy inheritance from their forefathers !

It is written that " Allah will direct unto his light whom he pleaseth." As to the Young Turks, their eyes are veiled from the light, and there is a deafness in their ears. Wherefore I am not surprised to hear that they never cease to quote England in support of their foolish advocacy of so-called " progress " ! How much of their mendacity may be due to deliberate perversion of the truth and how much to sheer ignorance, is a curious question with which I, in the spirit of charity, will forbear to deal. It is somewhat in this way, as appears to me, that falsehoods and fallacies have their rise and growth. But true knowledge and understanding of the character of a people cannot be gained by general and unsubstantiated assertions, but only by proper individual instances, by specimens fitly chosen, presented in logical sequence, and worked by reflexion into union.

England, it is true, has her innovators, who preach discontent with the past and threaten to uproot the sacred tree. But I do not think they will succeed. To uproot such a tree is a very difficult enterprise ; for its immense roots spread wide and deep all over the country, gripping in their tough tentacles the foundations of the poor man's hut as well as of the nobleman's castle. This tree is immortal : it will survive unaltered after the glory of the English name has faded, and the power of the English nation has passed away.

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Much of this tenacity is, no doubt, due to the mere influence of Time ; for, as has been well said, " Time consecrates, and what is grey with age becomes religion." But even more, I believe, is prompted by conscious self-satisfaction. Whenever the Reformer cries to the Englishman, " Move with the times ! " the Englishman quietly replies, " The change you propose may be a good change, or it may be a bad one ; but, be it good or bad, where is the need for it ? Can anyone deny that our country is the greatest and finest and most highly civilised country that ever existed ? Are we not the admiration and envy of the whole world ? " If there be moments, such as come to all of us, when Englishmen are tempted to murmur and feel discontented, they are but transitory moments—passing clouds which help only to accentuate the normal serenity of their minds.

When I consider this profound complacency, and many other things of like nature, I cease to wonder at the long continuance of this great and glorious empire. Another spectator, observing how inferior the English are to other nations in intelligence, might attribute the increase of their power and the stability thereof to some supernatural cause, as if the Divine Will of the All-knowing Creator had chosen for the chastisement of the sins and vices of True Believers to raise and support this mighty people of infidels. But I, after weighing and examining the institutions of the English, and bringing them (according to the proportion of my weak judgment and ability) to the measure and test of Reason, as also to a similitude and comparison with the institutions of other Empires to which Allah has also given large extent of dominion, I attribute

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the greatness of the English to their worship of the past and contempt for the present. These are the foundations and pillars of it ; and so essential to it, that they admit of no change, until the whole fabric of their Polity suffer a convulsion and be shaken into some other form ; which may be either effected by the new Laws of a Conqueror, or by intestine and civil Revolution.

But of such an upheaval as yet there is no sign. Certainly nothing that has occurred in the last twenty months appears to have cast the least shadow over the self-esteem of the English people, or their claim to be a model and pattern to the whole of Christendom. Such is the character of these men ; it is worthy of our own Turkish ancestors, and we, their degenerate descendants, need not desire a more heroic temper, though we may pray for a less haughty spirit. For pride, as the Book saith, is abominable in the sight of Allah.

Listen to my words, my dear Ahmed, and follow not them who speak of the things whereof they have no knowledge. I have touched upon the errors of our Young Turks, that you may be warned : of how many Reformers can it be said that their deeds, when weighed in the balance, are equal to their words ? For the same reason have I dwelt upon the greatness of the English, to make clear proof of the merit of Conservatism. In magnifying them, I have magnified our own ancestors, whose devotion to Tradition has made Turkey what she is. Fly from the uncertain and untried promises of the future, hold fast to the lessons and legacies of the past, determined at the hazard of your life to resist innovation, and leave the rest to fate.

That nation is fortunate which mistrusts change and

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puts its faith in the traditional routine. This is the only way to avoid the risks which experiments involve, and the unrest which is so prejudicial to prosperity. It is evident, then, that the nation which contains the greatest number of Conservatives is the most prosperous. Conservatism, though it is a gift of God, from whom all blessings proceed, can be developed ; the habit of immobility can be acquired by continuous exercise. This is shown everywhere, and nowhere more clearly than in England, where, as I have recorded, education does so much to strengthen the people's innate disinclination from progress.

I urge you, my dear Ahmed, once more, to be on your guard against persons who, by disregarding the teaching which they have received from their mothers and grandmothers, cause divisions and create dangers in the State ; dissociate yourself from them. For such persons are not serving Allah, or the Sultan, who is the shadow of Allah, but are slaves to their own ambitions ; and by their plausible arguments and promises they deceive simple-minded people. It is true that I am very happy about you, but I want you to be well fortified in all that is good, and innocent of all that is bad.

I must close this letter, for the time of posting draws near.

Give my greetings to your dear mother and to little Fatimeh—it is a matter of great joy to me that the latter evinces no inclination for book-learning. Too much education is not a good thing for girls. Reading and elementary arithmetic are enough and to spare.

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May the blessing of Allah, our Lord, and of Mohammed, his Prophet, be with you all.

Your affectionate maternal uncle,

HAROUN ABDULMEDJID.

PHILALETHES.



Our Newspaper Press



IN dealing with this subject, I do not disguise from myself that I am likely to do violence to some cherished susceptibilities, but healthy difference of opinion is to be commended at all times ; and journalists should be the last persons in the world to complain of criticism of their own employment and efforts.

The time is ripe, and more than ripe, for stating a few plain truths with regard to the manner in which a section of the Press of Scotland has, for several years past, handled matters of vital importance to the nation, and, by reason of that manner of treatment, has failed to render that service to the country which we have a right to expect of those who profess to be leaders of public opinion and common instructors to the nation.

Since the beginning of the War, the Press of this country has been conducted under very great difficulties. Under the Defence of the Realm Act, journalists have not more freedom of expression than has the average speaker at a public gathering. The Scottish Press, however, is just as desirous as are the men who are now at the head of affairs to overcome Militarism, to help France to defeat Germany, and to restore Belgium, Serbia, Poland, and other lands, overrun by the armies of the Kaiser, to the place which they have a right to occupy amongst the nations of the earth.

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In the present war, Mr. Asquith has come forward as the champion of the smaller nationalities, thus treading in the footsteps of Charles James Fox, who, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons in 1806, referred to "that worst emanation of the disorders and calamities of Europe in recent times, the principle of transferring the people of either States from one power to another, like so many cattle, upon the footing of mutual ambition or convenience." So far so good, but what we have got to see to is, that the national principle is applied all round. It must not only be levelled against Germany: Russia and England stand in equal need of taking to heart the great truths enunciated by Fox, and echoed by Asquith.

Active connection with the Press of Scotland for more than a quarter of a century has convinced me that the journalistic profession has done, and is capable of doing, great work for the people of this country, and also that magazines like *The Scottish Review* can render notable service in the interests of the nation. It was for nationalism that our forebears made so great sacrifices, and their heroic struggles, in the face of countless obstacles and the most formidable difficulties, should encourage us to follow their example. Though we possess two languages, various dialects, and the face of our country shows a multitude of differing characteristics, yet the spirit of the people is one and the same—they have pride in the land of their birth; they desire to make Scotland worthier of her noble traditions; we wish to preserve those of our national characteristics which are meet to be preserved, and we desire to have Scottish affairs dealt

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with in a Scottish spirit, and from a national centre. Scotland is in some danger of being sunk in the identity of her rich and powerful neighbour. When John Bull invades Scotland with a thistle in his bonnet, and a certain type of Scotsman does obsequious homage to him, offering to become his "man" for all time, the more thoughtful and democratic section of the community have a right to protest, in the interests of our separate nationality, in the preservation of which the Press of this country ought to consider itself as obliged to play a leading and an honourable part.

The ancient kingdom of Scotland, having a population of nearly five million souls, possesses over two hundred and fifty newspapers, but only a very small number of these is published daily. The cities and towns in which dailies are published are Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Dundee, Greenock, and Paisley. There are but five penny morning dailies—one in Glasgow, one in Edinburgh, one in Dundee, and two in Aberdeen. Not more than two of the penny journals can be said to cover practically the whole of Scotland, whilst the politics of both these newspapers are diametrically opposed to the political views of the vast majority of the people of Scotland. Which of these two journals is the greater, in the sense of having the larger circulation, I am not prepared to decide. One caters chiefly for the West, whilst the other regards the East as its own particular province. From the home news point of view, there is little fault to be found with our two great dailies. They frequently display more enterprise than the London Press does, and the

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general standard of their articles will, on the whole, compare favourably with that of English journals like *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph*. On the other hand, it must be admitted that both the *Scotsman* and the *Herald* are "weak" as regards foreign correspondence. Neither has the fine service of the *Morning Post* and the *Times*. In this respect they are perilously "provincial." The two great Scottish dailies are wealthy enough to be able to afford resident correspondents of their own in each of the more important of the European capitals. Less "London correspondence," and more matter dealing with foreign politics and trade movements would be a recommendation in both cases.

A principal fault of our leading dailies in Scotland—and it is one that should be remedied—is that they are too prone to follow mechanically in the wake of their London contemporaries. They pay little heed to that nationalism in which the vast body of the people is already interested, and will become more so in proportion as the people realise the extent to which Scotland is fleeced by the "Predominant Partner."

Despite the fact that the *Herald* is edited by an Englishman, Mr. F. Harcourt Kitchin, who was formerly associated with the *Times*, the newspaper which he controls has on several occasions of late adopted an attitude which has earned for it the esteem of men and women who, in normal times, would decline to regard it as their mouthpiece. It has flatly refused to echo the daily brayings of the Cockney Syndicate Press, and has cold-shouldered in a very

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unkind and marked manner the latter's desire to turn out the Coalition Government, and to make Lord Northcliffe and his retiring understudy, Mr. Lloyd George, dictator-generalissimos for the period of the War. With regard, too, to the Drink Question, the *Herald* has boldly and systematically advocated absolute Prohibition during the continuance of the War. It requires a man of some moral courage to embrace these views, and to stick to them, more especially as the well-to-do Conservative electorate of Glasgow and the West are not very promising material out of which to manufacture a newspaper following that is given to free and independent political thinking.

The editors of the other penny morning newspapers are all Scotsmen—men who have, in their respective districts, honourably maintained the journalistic boast and tradition that of the best and most influential pressmen in these Kingdoms, the majority belongs to the Celtic branch of the great European family. Some of them have at one time or another done duty in London, which, in certain cases, has not tended to broaden views or to widen sympathies. Their journalistic labours are too often "diluted" with a narrow and aggressive Imperialism.

The average Scots newspaper is, it is safe to say, on a higher intellectual plane than the average English one; and for that happy state of affairs it behoves us to be profoundly, but modestly, thankful; for in these days many are the subtle attempts that are made to feed the mind of the nation on the wretched "scraps" and "bits" that fall from the Syndicate table. Hitherto, all Syndicate attempts to gain a footing in Scotland

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have encountered a comforting measure of failure. Capital and "pushfulness," have been lavishly expended, but, happily, all in vain, the primal cause of each successive failure being a singular want of knowledge touching the aspirations and wants of our people—politically, socially, and intellectually.

Now, what is the main object of all Press Syndicates? The aim of each and every one is to secure by all means possible a vast circulation and a thumping dividend, by virtue of which policy, principle becomes at once a secondary consideration. If that policy were to prevail in Scotland, what would be the result? The country would be studded with Syndicate offices; the unfortunate staffs would be under despotic rule, and become so many bond servants to some *Patria potestas* of the newspaper world; every morning and every week the papers would sing in silly chorus; and all the while the Dictator would sit in his arm-chair in London, smoking his palatial cigar and imperiously awaiting the "verdict" of the multitude. In such a case, the independent views of individual editors and leader writers would not be forthcoming, but in their stead there would be the arbitrary trumpeting of the "Press Napoleons"; the hysterical ravings of the paper-made "Men of Destiny," and such constant and nefarious intrigues and pullings of political wires as could not fail to generate, sooner or later, the most violent protests against the abuse of the newspaper prerogative. Such a prospect, indeed, is lugubrious in the extreme.

Journalism should have nobler and higher aims than mere dividend-getting. Health of mind and the

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well-being of manly independence require that the number of individual newspaper proprietors and editors should be increased rather than diminished, because in their multiplication lies the best prospect of promoting the well-being of the State, as well as a potent means of improving the material and intellectual condition of the people composing it.

The Syndicate Press is in the hands of a few limited liability companies, who "run" their various properties on very strict commercial lines, and unless the chances in favour of an independent view be exceptionally favourable, there is not much likelihood of new ground being broken by these associated papers. Perhaps this is the reason why the Syndicate Press has not, as yet, been able to obtain a respectable foothold in Scotland, which, I beg to say, has produced more eminent journalists than either England, Wales, or Ireland, if we take population and area into consideration.

In Scotland a certain proportion of the newspapers are in the hands of limited liability companies. According to a well-known Press Directory, the percentage of such companies is not more than ten, a state of affairs which leaves me cold as regards their immediate danger to the country as a whole. Some of my friends view with a certain degree of misgiving the growth of the limited liability company, so far as the Press is concerned, but as long as monopolies, or partial monopolies, are not thereby created, there is little or no just cause for alarm. There are, of course, good and bad limited liability companies. Like the Syndicate Press, certain of the journals are reactionary in

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tone, and elastic in conscience. The politics of these particular organs are detestable in the opinion of all thoughtful and progressive politicians. They are "out" for dividends all the time; and the "views" which they profess to hold seem to be only a shabby means towards a sordid end.

The ideal newspaper has not yet been established. The ideal publisher has not yet been discovered. The ideal editor has yet to be born. I am free to confess, however, that the ideal newspaper should be owned by one individual, and one individual alone. The editor of a newspaper is necessarily somewhat of a tyrant, something of a dictator; and amongst all classes of the community very odd notions are held as to his duties and responsibilities, and the manner in which he ought to discharge those duties and responsibilities. Two hundred newspapers under the control of the same number of men are more likely to render respectable service to the nation than a hundred and fifty newspapers controlled by one man, or fifty by a like number of men. The individual newspaper proprietor is, as a rule, a man of strong convictions; he believes—rightly no doubt—that the Press has a mission to discharge superior to that of mere money-getting; and that mission is, to relate the history of the times in the pages of his journal; to redress wrongs; to champion the downtrodden and oppressed; to speak the truth, regardless of the consequences; to instruct, elevate, and amuse all those into whose hands his paper may fall; to do his utmost to make the land of his birth a better place in which to live, and worthier of its position among the kingdoms of the earth.

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Men who write that which they honestly believe make the best journalists. *Vincit omnia veritas* is a true, if hackneyed, saying. Those who are ordered to write that which they do not believe are much to be pitied. It is said that when the late Mr. W. T. Stead, a man of very varied accomplishments, and an able journalist, either resigned, or threatened to resign, a lucrative position, some took it upon themselves to remonstrate with him. "I have a good partner," quoth Mr. Stead quietly. "And pray who may he be?" was the query. "God Almighty," was the journalist's characteristic reply. Men of that type do honour to our profession.

We hear a good deal nowadays about the "dignity of journalism," and comparisons are sometimes drawn between the old days and the present time, generally with a view to showing that the Press has "progressed" enormously during the last fifty years. And so, in a certain sense and measure, we have. But let us not forget that the old-fashioned country journalist did a vast deal of excellent work in popularising the Press, and in bringing cheap literature within the reach of all classes. In the old days the Press had not the aid of the telegraph and telephone, but to-day the smallest weekly journal makes extensive use of both, for "news," as well as commercial purposes. Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid, who was the first President of the Institute of Journalists, frequently tramped the Buchan district of Aberdeenshire in search of subscribers to the paper of which he was then the editor and proprietor, and doubtless other newspaper conductors did the same. The journalist who gets into close touch with the people,

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and studies their wants, loses nothing in dignity or in knowledge. Besides, you cannot successfully run a local journal without devoting close attention to local needs and conditions.

My principal charge against a section of the Press of Scotland is, that it truckles too much to purely English opinion and prejudices, and follows too much English ways of approaching public questions, instead of going to continental sources. Moreover, the section of the Press to which I refer does not enough consider Scotland and Scottish interests. "British" concerns trouble it far too much. Many of our journals are not sufficiently alive to the importance of grappling with purely national problems, of which we have many that demand solution on our own soil. Their whole tone and tendency make for Anglicisation or "Britonism," which, as a Scot, I strongly object to. The offenders are not, as a rule, the county or local weeklies, but the dailies. The former have not much space to spare for national politics, or politics as they obtain in the Anglo-Celtic Empire. The concerns of their own districts are necessarily of more importance to them, for it is by catering for local needs that they live. Their immediate spheres of influence, rather than the ends of the earth, demand their every attention. In this respect, our local papers are wise. They cannot afford much space for national or international affairs, but some of our daily organs treat Scotland and Scottish concerns in a most perfunctory and off-hand manner. They love to sound the ultra-Imperial note. Our "far-flung Empire" is their chosen theme and province. Problems and grievances of the first im-

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portance lie in scores under their very noses, but, like the Levite of old, they coolly pass them by on the other side. Doubtless, the Marthas of our Press will take this avowal very ill. They love to glue their eyes to the ends of the earth, and to utter the feeble platitudes which that habit invariably gives rise to; but I retort on these objections by inviting them to remember what Mr. Hughes said in a recent speech—"We invite you," he said in effect, "to settle this question of Imperial Federation here and now. When the war is over we shall have too much to do at home to bother about it." Trust the shrewd Australians to look after their own concerns! And beneath and behind all this foolish and fussy concern for "Imperialism" is to be found little but politics, politics, and yet again, politics!—of course as they are understood and practised in England.

Every good journalist entertains high ideals, and during recent years, thanks to the existence of the "Institute of Journalists," and the "National Union of Journalists," efforts have been made, not without a certain measure of success, to improve the status of the profession in these Kingdoms. I apprehend that there are in the ranks of the two organisations not less than 5000 men who are actively engaged in newspaper production. Both these societies are concerned with the professional status of their members, and strive to protect their interests. The Institute admits to its membership, employers and employees, while the Union admits only men who have no proprietary interest in the Press. Each society provides unemployment and sickness benefits, assists members

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to obtain situations, renders legal assistance, and in other ways protects the interests of members of the profession. The work of the two organisations is admirably supplemented by the Newspaper Press Fund, which has made grants, amounting *in cumulo* to many thousands of pounds, to members or their dependants. The newspaper proprietors have also their societies. In Scotland, the daily papers have a society, while the Scottish Newspaper Proprietors' Association looks after the interests of the owners of weekly and bi-weekly journals.

In Scotland, as in England, the puff-paragraph has become a disagreeable feature of a number of our newspapers. Advertisers and advertising agents evidently believe in the old saying that "giff-gaff makes guid friends"; and so owners, managers, and editors are frequently pestered by them. On this subject, writers in the columns of *The Newspaper World* have expressed themselves strongly, but not a whit too forcibly. The "giff-gaff" which the advertisers and advertising-agents pin their faith to is resented by all who believe in the dignity and independence of the Press. No newspaper should be at the mercy of any man. The newspaper that is afraid to express itself on all subjects lest it should hurt the feelings of its outside supporters, has no right to exist. The complete commercialisation of our newspapers would unquestionably decrease their influence in local and national affairs, and at the same time lower the whole tone and standard of contemporary journalism. In the matter of puffs, the views of an able journalist whom I had the pleasure of knowing, and greatly admired—I refer

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to the late Mr. James Annand, M.P. for a northern constituency—are singularly pertinent. Mr. Annand edited the Newcastle *Daily Chronicle*, and subsequently the Newcastle *Daily Leader*, and was for many years one of the most influential journalists in England. Annand, who was a Scotsman, began life as a country blacksmith, and ended it as a member of the English Parliament. Addressing the Plymouth Conference of the Institute of Journalists on one occasion, he said :—

“ The most corrupting influences in connection with newspapers at the present day are neither in the publication of betting odds, nor in the reports of law courts, nor in the neglect of religion. Newspapers have been made so large, so much money is spent daily in the collection of news, and the price of the sheet is so small, that the proprietor is thrown for his revenue upon the advertisements. The consequence is, that the advertiser is king. Whether he assumes the form of an agent, or of a tradesman, or publisher who conducts his own business, he is supreme. Even in the most powerful journals he is taking a position which threatens alike the independence and purity of the Press. A newspaper must live. If it is not conducted on sound commercial lines and with a due regard to the market, it cannot exist. What I contend for is, that the responsible journalist should be in a position to take any line on public questions that he deems best in the interests of public policy, apart altogether from private ends. Above all things, he ought not to have his columns disfigured and the reputation of his paper destroyed by the insertion of puff-paragraphs in the interests of advertisers, whether they relate to quack medicines, or bogus gold mines, the arrival of a circus, or the opening of a cook shop. The importunate advertiser is never satisfied. If you puff him once, he merely uses it as a precedent to compel you to puff him again. The sacrifice of your self-respect to him is only an argument that you should sacrifice it to others. The editor who yields to this sort of pressure, either through necessity or policy, abandons his highest title to be a public instructor, and sacrifices his great position, just as much as a judge who gave corrupt and unjust decisions would sacrifice his. To serve a party is not ignoble ; to seek a

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share of the world's wealth is no unworthy aim ; but neither the service of a party nor the amassing of riches should be allowed to warp the judgment or coerce the pen of the journalist who has for his most honourable occupation the guiding of his fellow-countrymen to wise and righteous ends."

I endorse every word of that noble utterance, and commend it to the notice of other journalists.

I would be the last man in the world to speak disparagingly of the weekly and bi-weekly press, with the value of which, national as well as local, I am well acquainted. I have no hesitation in saying that the influence of the local journal at elections, and on other important occasions, is, in many cases, greater than that of the dailies. I know local newspapers in Scotland with circulations averaging about 20,000 per week, which is surely good enough proof of their popularity and general merits. The local paper stimulates local patriotism, is a link between the Scot at home and the Scot abroad ; and, if conducted with enterprise and discretion, pays its owner, or owners, handsomely. A number of the most influential journalists in the United Kingdoms have been connected with the weekly press. Many of our Scottish weekly newspapers take a warm interest in literary affairs, and this is also the case with regard to the morning journals, whose reviews and literary notes are often better than those to be found in the London journals.

During the past twenty years, Liberal politics in Scotland have fared badly as regards the party organs in the press, three of these having ceased to exist, viz., the *Scottish Leader*, of Edinburgh ; the *North British Daily Mail*, of Glasgow ; and the

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Northern Daily News of Aberdeen. I have no desire here to enter into any political discussion, but I think it perfectly proper to remark that the most pressing need of the Liberals of the West of Scotland is a penny morning organ on the lines of either of the three newspapers which I have named. This matter of Liberal press representation has on several occasions engaged the attention of the Scottish Liberal Association, but so far nothing has been done to supply the admitted want to which I refer; and it is to be hoped that nothing will be done, so far as that organisation is concerned, for there is every reason to believe that such an effort would end disastrously. If wealthy Scottish Liberals would subscribe the necessary capital, the project might, in the hands of able men in charge of the managerial and editorial departments, ultimately prove successful; but a newspaper controlled by an association of men entertaining widely differing opinions on secondary questions, though subscribing to one basic political principle, would have little chance of success. The less interference there is with staffs the better. Experience teaches that the tendency of the great political association which owns an organ is to be constantly interfering with the conduct of that journal, and though it might be progressive in intention, yet a newspaper run under such conditions would assuredly be reactionary in effect. It is surely the strangest of all present-day anomalies that while the vast majority of the Scottish people are uncompromisingly liberal as regards political sentiment, our two principal daily newspapers subscribe to the Unionist faith. When *The Edinburgh Review*

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was started in 1802, the political atmosphere of Scotland was so highly charged with Liberal doctrine that no Conservative organ would have had the least chance of success, according to the best contemporary opinion. The Scottish Tories did not then possess a single periodical through the columns of which their own opinions might be defended, and when in 1817 *Blackwood's Magazine* was started, men did not know which to marvel at the more—the signal audacity or the immense courage of the promoters of the new venture. Scotland was then the great northern centre of European liberalism. It was felt to be little short of treasonable presumption to publish a Tory organ in a country so zealously and generally devoted to the opposite creed ; but the wheel of fortune has described a notable circle or two since those days. At the present time, the two great dailies of Scotland are Conservative organs. All Liberal attempts to set up a rival worthy to compete with the *Herald* and the *Scotsman* have hitherto met with nothing but disaster. Why is this ? In a country whose Radicalism is a matter of common knowledge, there should surely be room for at least one daily newspaper enjoying a national circulation, and occupying a position in the Press equivalent to that which the two great dailies I have named have managed to acquire. Perhaps the best answer to this question is supplied by the fact that “ official ” Liberalism is not competent to produce a good daily organ. It is undeniable that an editor and staff who are at the constant beck and call of persons who know nothing about the practical working of newspapers, and who stand in almost daily danger of being

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hauled over the coals by this clique or by that within the confines of "officialdom" are so handicapped as to be powerless to conduct their journal in the light of that professional experience which they have gained in the course of their careers. To serve a single Press-dictator is surely bad enough from the point of view of editor and staff; but a plurality of petty tyrants, each group having its own axe to grind or its own hobby to ride, necessarily spells disaster all round. It cannot be too often, or too much, insisted on that freedom of action and a wide latitude of discretion are essential elements of success, so far as Editor and staff are concerned.

But the mistakes of the past are merely so much wasted material, unless they teach us what to eschew, and what to improve and cleave to, in the future. There is abundant room in modern Scotland for a national daily morning newspaper, which shall be independent of "official" Liberalism, shall be aggressive in tone as regards nationalism, shall specialise in trade and labour problems, and shall "wake up" the people of Scotland to the immense importance of foreign politics and foreign industrial and mercantile questions. Modern Scottish ignorance of foreign politics is something truly lamentable. There are those who deny that Scotland, under the "Union," is a mere province; but what can be more provincial than the attitude of our Press towards questions, the supreme importance of which to every one of us has been once more emphasised by the present appalling war?

By way of conclusion to these remarks I cannot do better than to quote the words of a distin-

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guished journalist who said that it should be the aim of every journalist to "strive to regard the profession as a great responsibility, embracing whatever is calculated to interest or instruct; whatever promises to make justice more secure; to render wrong less easy; and to make the wheels of life move more genially from day to day."

J. M. MURDOCH.



The Degradation of Edinburgh



VER Edinburgh, the most romantic and the most beautiful city in the north of Europe, hangs the blight of a great curse ; and the peculiarity of the curse is that but few of its inhabitants are aware of it and that the majority of those who are cognisant of it make no attempt at its removal.

This curse is not the curse of drink, for hard drinking is on the decrease among thinking men in Scotland : it is not the curse of immorality, for Edinburgh is exceptionally free from vice. It is the curse which accompanies race-failure. The people of Edinburgh are no longer Scottish.

It is impossible to bring a heavier indictment against the people of any community than to say that they do not conform to the type and standard of the nation of which they are a part, but this may be truly observed of the inhabitants of the "capital" of Scotland—they have departed from their national type, and they are proud of it.

For some generations a process of disintegration has been at work. Young Scotsmen have been sent to English schools and universities, and have returned with "English" accents which would make Lord Tomnoddy blush for his reputation. "English" schools, too, have sprung up around Edinburgh, at which the sons of W.S.'s and wealthy merchants may attain an accent that would startle Harrow and affright Upping-

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ham. In the Parliament House one may hear a lingo spoken which the Inns of Court would shy at. Edinburgh has produced a class more English than the English, just as Rome in her decadence nourished a caste more Hellenic than the Greeks.

Of course this gang set the pace for the bourgeoisie, and baser imitations of their patois are rife in "the South Side." In the belief that the thinning of vowels transmutes their speech into English, the people of this quarter employ a pidgin dialect of truly fearsome quality. Their common adieu is "Good-bay," and you may hear them confide to one another that they must "go beck to the benk," or that they will accompany a friend "heff-way home." Some of the "merchant" schools for girls add to this pareing of the vowels a drawl reminiscent of the great Dundreary, which would turn an Oxonian green with envy—or with laughter.

The strain never slackens. Conscious that it does not constitute a real aristocracy, but is merely a coterie of glorified professional folk, the West End of Edinburgh must never pause for a moment in its Anglican aspirations. Cut off from the rest of the community as surely as the old Mongol city was divorced from the rest of Peking, it is much too self-centred to be socially dangerous to Scottish nationality. But it is politically dangerous, for there dwell the traitors who sell Scotland day in and day out as consummately as did even "the fause Menteith"; who, for office or petty power, assist in the degradation and bleeding of their native land. They are the weaker modern understudies of those Scottish peers who sold us to England in 1707 for "a

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peck o' bawbees." The last stave of "the auld sang" has not yet been sung, and the ugly ditty of traitorhood is still as loud as ever.

Robbed of her metropolitan rights, the presence of a Parliament, and all that a Parliament means, Edinburgh has become a city of hucksters. More of that anon. First let us glance at the commercial and other disabilities under which she lies as a capital that is not a capital. The absence of the several Government offices and their situation in a city four hundred miles away is, of course, the most outstanding. Take the Stationery Department. Such Government offices as exist in Edinburgh are wholly at the mercy of the Stationery branch in Edinburgh, which cannot move without instructions from London. In the beginning of April of this year heavy snowstorms levelled the telegraph wires between England and Scotland, with the result that commercial paralysis ensued, and this, notwithstanding that again and again representations have been made in the House of Commons regarding the absolute necessity for the foundation of an underground telegraph line from London to Scotland. The request met with the prompt refusal that most Scottish demands receive at Westminster, and the denial was, of course, accompanied by shouts of English laughter. In this connection it is surprising how blind Scottish opinion is to the existence of a *definite English policy* for the quashing and extinction of all measures and movements for the behoof of the Scottish people. We are starved most deliberately and systematically, and the most surprising thing about it is that we hug our chains, and consider ourselves as very well

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nourished indeed. The truth is that Scotsmen do not know what real prosperity means. They have to go to England to find that out. The machinery for real prosperity does not, cannot, exist in a country ruled as a province from a point four hundred miles distant. The average Scots business or professional man is content with a salary or income which most English clerks would find it difficult to make ends meet on, and food that most English working men would grumble at. Owing to the absorbent character of the English markets, food is dearer in Scotland by one-third than in England ; that is, the superior wealth of England permits it to outbid Scotsmen in purchasing the supplies of their own country, and, indeed, often to obtain them cheaper by reason of their artificial withdrawal to English markets. In Edinburgh, £120 per annum is a " good salary," and most lawyers' managing clerks—passed men—have to rub along on £80 to £90. In starved Edinburgh the struggle to keep up appearances is one of the most tragic things within the four seas of the Pictish Isles. Debt is rampant, and even wholesale. The war has brought with it a tide of false prosperity which only goes to prove that, did Scotland manage her own affairs, the flood of Government money now apparent would be permanent, and Edinburgh's prosperity would increase accordingly. But there are none so blind as those who will not see.

Instead of resting on the basis of a sound local commercialism, trade in Edinburgh is forced by local conditions to partake of the nature of huckstering. Edinburgh is a " show place," therefore the base and servile creatures who constitute her municipal council

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have decreed that she must prostitute her ancient glories to the gaze of the globe-trotter. For the most part hucksters themselves, they glorify their art. "Flatter your customers; kill them with kindness; be glib and affable." Such is the advice of the Lord Provost himself (a jeweller) when addressing the local guild of his craft the other day. The ancient—the *real* part—of the city is surrounded by a meretricious circle of glittering booths. Here is no honest attempt to produce, to supply local requirements by local industry. No, this is a more sordid Palais Royale, a bauble-haunted Vanity Fair. Then the stuff shops—the greatly advertised Bon Marchés of Princes Street and "the Bridges." What heroes are their proprietors! Their unlovely names are spoken with hated breath. They are the bourgeoisie ideal of smartness. Their advertisements in the public press—or what passes for a public press in Edinburgh—shame Ananias. And from these grey heights over against them the Castle looks down—the poor mutilated Castle. . . .

O the shame, the pitiful degradation of it all! Walk through the storied streets—slums of the slums—stand before Holyrood, the palace of our ancient Kings, with its roofless chapel that Edward VII. of England would not permit to be repaired, with its surrounding vistas of brewery and mash-house. Gaze on it, and, if the least remnant of Scottish pride is yours, blush for it. This is *your* heritage, this is *the real Edinburgh*—not yonder glittering sham, hollow as a gilded walnut. Through *your* silence this wreck remains a wreck—through *your* pusillanimity this, the city of your fathers,

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must remain—the largest shop in Scotland, rather than the capital of the land to which you owe your birth.

As in a trance, Edinburgh fulfils her ignoble mission. There are uglier sides to it, too. Starved for real business, the lawyer-craft of the city is driven to shifts which its brethren in other towns are seldom forced to face. In no city in the three Kingdoms is legal dishonesty so flagrant, and so unchecked, and nowhere is there less redress against legal wrong-doing. I only utter a commonplace when I say this. Every lawyer in Scotland, every business man in Scotland, knows in his heart that what I say is the truth. The system is greatly more to blame than the men, for where trade flourishes there is no room for the dishonest lawyer.

And the remedy—is this. Let Scotsmen open their eyes to things as they are, and keep them open. Let the best in all classes work in common for the day when Scotland shall once more summon her Parliament as of old and muster her estates in royal Edinburgh: a purged and purified Edinburgh. Our upper classes shall have their reward as leaders of a land, instead of waiting for the crumbs to fall from England's table. In many of our aristocrats and professional people the fire of patriotism requires but little stimulus to burn very brightly. They are not *all* "English." The day they learn that there is no prouder title in the world than that of *Scottish gentleman* will be a great day for Scotland and for them.

Of our upper middle-class—the great shopkeeping class—I am not so hopeful. Of the smaller shopkeepers' patriotism I am as sure as I am of that of the

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Scottish working man, who only requires a lead to become an active, where before he has been a passive, patriot.

O for the larger freedom of a national life! Scotsmen! let us shake off the trammels of this accursed trance, this spell which chains us to a retrograde giant who in everything is a century behind us. Standing yourselves, you could, though small, become mighty in thought, in commerce, in science, in letters. You do not recognise that the ruin of your country, of your national characteristics, is at hand—do not realise the horrible and powerful genius of England to automatically anglicise every country with which she comes into contact. Most Englishmen would be amazed if you alluded to such a thing—and this is the secret of their muddling and of their success—that they do not know, do not realise, the possession of this power. Up then, Scotsmen! and preserve the remnants of your nationhood while yet there is time. Do not believe that England can manage your affairs better than you can yourselves. And, above all, resent, and resent fiercely, the attempt to seal you with seals Anglican, for if you accept these, you accept a lesser, a poorer, civilization than your own.

England is using us just now, using us as she has ever done in her sore need. She knows us, and can trust our loyalty. Never have we failed her, nor shall we fail her now. At present we are "the hardy Scots," the "brave Highlanders," the "dour fighters." After the war we will probably be the "unspeakable" Scots again. *Shall we?*

But we shall fight fair. Scotland was never yet

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unchivalrous. When the smoke of war has rolled away we shall take what is our own undoubted right—our own government, to be held in our own hands, to be carried on where our reasonable requests will not be shouted down by English laughter. We shall, in short, resume that Scottish Parliament discontinued by English fraud and English guile—which guile, fraud, and base betrayal make the rotten and immoral compact they brought about null and void, as bribery and chicanery must ever nullify any bargain in which they figure.

LEWIS SPENCE.



Chapters of Hebridean History

I.—THE NORSE KINGDOM OF THE HEBRIDES.

HE Hebrides—their modern name is a mere misreading, like the name of their most famous island Iona—become first known to us in history as the Ebudæ Insulæ. This name recurs in early Irish literature in the plural genitive form Iboth. The Fir Iboth are Viri Ebudan, the Men of the Ebudæ. The corresponding adjective is Ibdach, from Ebudacus *i.e.* Hebridean. As far as I know, these words in early Irish writings are no longer connected with the Scottish Polynesia, and the Fir Iboth of whom we find mention were a remnant of ancient tribes who dwelt on either side of the lower stretches of the Shannon in Western Ireland. There was, however, in 557, one Fergna, or Fiacha, king of the Ulaidh in Eastern Ulster, whose grandfather was named Ibdach, "the Ebudean." There is no known collective name in Gaelic usage for these islands until after their conquest by the Norsemen, when they began to be called Insi Gall, "the Foreigners' Islands."

In 841, the Norsemen made their first permanent settlement in Ireland—"a ship-stead at Linn Duachaill, whence the lay and ecclesiastical communities of Tethba were plundered; a ship-stead at Duiblinn, whence were plundered the Laigin and the Ui Néill,

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both lay and church folk, as far as Slieve Bloom." These entries in the Annals of Ulster contain, I imagine, the earliest known instances of the word, *longphort*, which I translate by "ship-stead." It came afterwards to mean a fortified camp, without regard to ships, and so we may judge that those early *longphorts* were places where ships were drawn up and protected on the land side, probably by a stockaded earthwork. The fortification at Linn Duachail, on the coast between Drogheda and Dundalk, was afterwards abandoned. But the Norsemen held on to their encampment at Duibhlinn, which grew in time to be the city of Dublin. By the time that they were able to fasten this grip on the Irish mainland, in the face of a large and warlike population, I take it that they were already securely in possession of the Scottish islands, which remained under Norse mastery till the death of King Hakon of Norway in 1263.

The Annals of Ulster give us another set of facts which seem to have a bearing on the Norse settlement of the Hebrides. In 856, there was "a great war between the Heathens and Mael Sechnaill, who was aided by the Gall-Ghoidhil." Mael Sechnaill was king of Ireland. In the same year, "Aedh, son of Niall (Aedh Finnliath, king of Ailech and afterwards king of Ireland) won a great victory over the Gall-Ghoidhil in Glenn Foichle." Next year, "Imar and Amlaib, (joint kings of the Dublin Norsemen) won a victory over Caittil Find (Ketil the Fair) and his Gall-Ghoidhil in the lands of Munster." What folk were these Gall-Ghoidhil or "Foreign Gaels"? So far as they were foreign, they were Norse, since we find

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them led by a chief bearing the Norse name Ketil. How were they recognised to be partly Gaels? We may safely say that it was because, though led by Norse commanders, they spoke the Gaelic tongue. Indeed we have evidence on this point. "The *gig-gog* of a Gall-Ghaedheal" became a cant word for badly-spoken Gaelic. They fought as it suited them, against an Irish king in Ulster, on the side of an Irish king in the Midlands, and for their own hand against Norse kings in Munster. They were not a mere mixture of Irishmen and Norsemen, for there were no Norse settlements in Munster at this time, and the Dublin settlement, where such a mixture might have been possible, was at war with the "Foreign Gaels." Hence we may take it that they came into Ireland from without, and from some region holding a Gaelic population. Now the only places outside of Ireland which at that time could have a mixed Gaelic and Norse population were the Isle of Man and the islands and forelands of Western Scotland.

The year after the defeat of the Gall-Ghaedhil in Munster, Cinaedh, son of Ailpin ("Kenneth Mac Alpine") died (A.D. 858). This was the famous founder of the Scottish monarchy and nation, the maker of Scotland, who during his reign had reduced the Picts, Britons, and Angles of Scotland under the authority of the Scots, that is to say, of the Gaels, for Scot and Gael were at that time equivalent words.

The Irish genealogical section of the Book of Ballymote contains a chapter on the genealogy of Fir Alban, "the Men of Alba," which was the name by which the Irish called their kinsfolk of the Gaelic

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colony in Scotland. From internal evidence we can determine that this chapter was originally written in the seventh century, probably in Iona, and in the Latin language, wholly or partly. It shows that, at the time of writing, about 660 or 670, the possessions of the Gaelic nobility in Scotland did not extend beyond Argyleshire and the neighbouring islands within and without. It would seem to have been some considerable time after this that the Scots extended their power across the country to the eastern seaboard. Bede, a contemporary witness, tells us how in 684, "Egfrid, king of the Northumbrians, sending Beort, his general, with an army into Ireland, miserably wasted that harmless nation which had always been most friendly to the English; insomuch that in their hostile rage they spared not even the churches or monasteries." The Annals of Ulster have this record of the event: "*Saxones campum Bregh vastant et ecclesias plurimas in mense Juni.*" Next year, as Bede tells us, Egfrid turned his arms northwards and invaded the country of the Picts. By them his army was drawn into the mountains, and Egfrid was defeated and slain, "as a punishment for his sin" in invading the Irish "who did him no harm." According to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Egfrid's overthrow took place "near the North Sea." Egfrid's dominions extended northwards to the Firth of Forth. Apparently the Picts held the country north of the Firth, for there is no mention of any other enemy or of any territory invaded except theirs; so that, according to this evidence, the Pictish territory was at this time, 685, contiguous to the Anglian territory on the eastern

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side of Scotland. We gather from Bede that this battle strengthened the Picts against the Angles, and also against the Scots, and was felt, when Bede wrote forty-six years later, to have permanently damaged the power of Northumbria. But in the same chapter, Bede speaks of "Abercurnig (Abercorn), situate in the country of the Angles, close by the arm of the sea which parts the lands of the Angles and of the Scots." There is no confusion in Bede's history between the Scots, or Gaelic people of Ireland and Scotland, and the Picts. Thus it would appear that within those forty-six years (685-731), the Scots had extended their power eastward from Argyleshire to the northern shores of the Firth of Forth.

While Cinaedh was making good his authority over the Picts, Britons, and Angles of the mainland, he must have abandoned the western islands and perhaps the peninsula of Argyleshire to the Norse invaders. Possibly, indeed, the Norse occupation of those parts may have driven to his service the additional fighting strength that enabled him to overcome the other nations of the North. The superiority achieved under Cinaedh by the Scots was no mere political hegemony. An actual Scottish colonisation of the greater part of the mainland must have followed, though I do not know if there are any records that can now enable us to trace by what stages the Scottish or Gaelic element penetrated the regions once occupied by Picts and Britons and Angles. The best evidence on the extent of Scottish expansion is afforded by the range of distinctively Gaelic place-names. In the time of Cinaedh, the main region of Scottish occupation,

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apart from the Scots who remained in the islands and forelands under Norse predominance, must have been the middle of Scotland, north and south of the narrow between the Firths of Clyde and Forth. But in time, the Scots pushed out over the country, northward and southward, until the land of the Scots became Scotland. The significance of the surname Scott, domiciled close to the English border and in a country once held by the Angles of Northumbria, cannot be ignored. The great family of that name must have got the name because they were known to the people of the district to be a family of Scottish, that is to say, of Gaelic, origin; just as the Walshes in Ireland were known to be of Welsh descent—in Irish they are called Breatnach, which also means Welsh or British. The Picts became assimilated to the Scots, as they had already been in Ireland. The Britons held out as far north as Dumbarton, where their name remains, Dún Breatan, the Britons' fortress. From this, apparently their last stronghold in the north, they were rooted out in 870, after a four months' siege, by Amhlaibh and Imhar, the Norse kings of Dublin.

Norse place-names indicate the extent of Norse occupation in the Islands and Argyleshire. I have read somewhere that in the Northern Hebrides, the place-names in Norse greatly outnumbered those in Gaelic. The Norsemen also made settlements in Cunningham and in Galloway. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the people of Galloway were known to the Irish by the name Gall-Ghaedhil; in Scottish Gaelic, the district is called simply Gallaibh, which is also the name for Caithness, and in both cases

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means the Foreign, that is the Norse folk. That the Gaelic language was prevalent among the Norse-Gaels of Galloway we may infer from the fact that a daughter of the celebrated Alan of Galloway, ancestress of the Red Comyn, was named Der-Forgaill, a name it will readily be admitted, not likely to be given in any household whose members were not familiar with the Gaelic tongue. It was the name, half a century earlier, of that Irish queen whose career is linked with the Feudal invasion of Ireland.

In the ninth century the kings of Norway made it their policy to bring the outlying Norse settlements under their dominion, and thenceforward, until the thirteenth century, they were the acknowledged overlords of the Norsemen of Dublin, Man, the Hebrides and Cantire, the Orkneys, Shetlands, and Caithness. The Norse sagas always distinguish between the people of these places and the Scots. In all the frequent intercourse between the chiefs of the Hebrides and Argyle and the Norsemen of the Orkneys and Norway, there is never a suggestion in the sagas that any language but the Norse was used.

During part of the tenth and eleventh centuries, Denmark took the lead in Norse activity, the Danish power culminating in the submission of England to the kings of Denmark—Sveinn, Knut, and Harthaknut. The first recorded kingdom of the Hebrides was established by the Danes. In 981 Godred, son of Harold, devastated part of Wales. In 986, a party of Danes who attacked the Irish coast were defeated, seven score of them being taken and hanged.* That

* *Annales Cambriae, Annals of Ulster.*

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year, on Christmas Eve, the Danes plundered Iona and slew the Abbot and others. Next year, "Godred son of Harold, with the Dark^h Heathens, wasted the Isle of Man, capturing two thousand men;"* and "the Danes who had plundered Iona suffered a great overthrow, three hundred and sixty of them being slain."† In 989, "Godred, son of Harold, king of the Hebrides, was killed in Dal Riada."‡ Ragnall (Rögnvald, Reginald), son of Godred and "king of the Islands," died in 1005.§ With his death, the brief Danish kingdom of the Hebrides seems to have ended. There is no mention of the Hebridean Danes in the great Norse muster nine years later at the battle of Clontarf.

At that time, the chief magnate in the Hebrides was Earl Gilli, whose wife was Swanlauga, sister of Sigurd, Earl of the Orkneys. Earl Gilli was Earl Sigurd's guest in the Orkneys for the Christmas feast in 1013, when Sigtrygg Silkbeard, king of Dublin, came to Earl Sigurd and offered him the kingdom of all Ireland if he would come to Dublin in the spring with all that he could muster from the Norse realms against the king of Ireland, Brian Boramha. Earl Gilli had the Norsemen's tongue, for he and the king of Dublin spoke at this feast with the men from Iceland who brought the story of Njal's burning. After the feast, Sigurd and Sigtrygg began an active mustering of the Norse forces wherever they could find them, from Norway and Iceland, the Orkneys, the Isle of

* *Ann. Camb.*—"The battle of Man is won by the son of Harold and the Danes, where a thousand were slain."—*Ann. Ul.*

† *Ann. Ul.*

‡ *Ib.*

§ *Ib.*

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Man, England and Normandy; for the Dukes of Normandy were of the stock of the Orkney earls. But Earl Gilli went back to the Hebrides and took no part in the battle that was fought for Ireland on Good Friday, 1014. After the battle, "Earl Gilli in the Southern Isles dreamed that a man came to him and said his name was Hostfinn, and told him he was come from Ireland. The Earl thought he asked him for tidings thence, and then he sang this song (in Norse):—

I have been where warriors wrestled,
High in Erin sang the sword,
Boss to boss met many bucklers,
Steel rang sharp on rattling helm;
I can tell of all their struggle;
Sigurd fell in flight of spears;
Brian fell, but kept (*i.e.* saved) his kingdom
Ere he lost one drop of blood.

A week after, Hrafn the Red came thither, and told them all the tidings of Brian's battle, the fall of the king and of Earl Sigurd and Brodir and all the Vikings."*

Brian had been well warned of the Norse preparations against him, and his own muster was not confined to the Gaels of Ireland, for among those who fell on his side was "Domhnall, son of Eimhin, son of Cainneach, *Mòrmhaor* ('Great Steward') of Marr in Scotland."†

After this time the Hebrides seem to have recognised in some degree the overlordship of the Orkney Earls. In 1098, King Magnus of Norway came with a fleet and re-established the Norwegian sovereignty

* *Saga of Burnt Njal*, 153, 156.

† *Ann. Ul.* 1014.

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over the Hebrides and the Isle of Man, "and took captive Lögmann, the son of Gudred, the king of the Southern Isles (Hebrides)"*. That Cantire was then a Norse possession may be inferred from the story told in the saga. Magnus made terms with Malcolm, king of Scotland. It was agreed that Magnus was to have all the places on the west side of Scotland "between which and the mainland he could steer in a ship with a fixed rudder." Holding the tiller, he had his ship dragged over land across the neck of Cantire, and so secured possession of that piece of land.† In 1102, Magnus returned to his western dominions, but landing on the Ulster coast he was cut off and slain.‡

In 1164, a new power had arisen in the Hebrides and Argyle. In that year an embassy from Iona, "at the instance of Somhairlidh and the Men of Argyle and the Foreigners' Isles," came to Flaithbheartach Ua Brolcháin, abbot of Derry, and besought him to accept the abbacy of Iona, but "the successor of Patrick (the Irish primate, Gilla MaicLiag, archbishop of Armagh), and the king of Ireland, the Lochlainn, and the nobles of Cenel Eoghain induced him to remain."§ Here Somhairlidh is recognised as the chief man of Argyle and the Hebrides. Later in the same year, Somhairlidh, at the head of a great fleet, collected from many parts, including the Norse kingdom of Dublin, invaded the Scottish mainland near Renfrew, but, like Magnus of Norway, having gone off on a foray, he was slain in a small engagement, and his followers, "the Men of Argyle and Cantire, the Men of

* *Orkneyinga Saga*, 44.

† *Ib.* 45.

‡ *Ib.* 46. *Ann. Ul.* 1103.

§ *Ann. Ul.* 1164.

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the Foreigners' Isles, and the Foreigners of Dublin," were defeated with slaughter.*

Somhairlidh's power did not end with his death. He was the founder of a dynasty and kingdom which lasted for more than three centuries. The *Annals of Tighearnach*, in a contemporary record of his death, entitle him "king of the Foreigners' Isles (the Hebrides) and Cantire." Another chronicle calls him *rex Ergadiae*, "king of Argyle."†

The name Somhairlidh or Somharile is a Gaelicised form of Sumarlidi, a Norse name which means "summer leader." The *Orkneying Saga* tells us that in 1157 "Sumarlidi Höldr ('the Freeman') had kingship in the Dales, in Scotland's Firths. Sumarlidi had to wife Ragnhilda, daughter of Olaf Bitling, king of the Southern Isles.‡ The mother of Ragnhilda was Ingibjorg, daughter of Earl Hakon, Paul's son (Earl of the Orkneys). These were the children of Sumarlidi and Ragnhilda: Dufgall the king, Rögnvald and Ergus; that is called the Dale-dwellers' kin (*Dalverja-ætt*). It was because the other Norse nobles of the Hebrides were islanders that the *Saga* lays stress on the fact, corroborated in the Irish chronicles, that Sumarlidi's kingship extended to a part of the main-

* *Ann. Ul.*, 1164.—The *Orkneying Saga* gives a different account, apparently for the glorification of Sveinn, Asleif's son, who is somewhat of a hero in the *Saga*. Sveinn, who may be called the last of the Vikings, claimed to have slain Sumarlidi with his own hand.

† *Ann. Ul.*, 1164, note.

‡ Olaf was king of Man, and his suzerainty, like that of some later kings of Man, was recognised in the Norse settlements on the west of Scotland.

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land, "the Dales, in Scotland's Firths"; and for the same reason Sumarlidi's family became known as the Dale-dwellers' kin. The dales and firths in the matter were those of Argyleshire.

This name for Sumarlidi's family is of special significance. It was evidently a name that their neighbours had for them. It was not the kind of name that would have been given them by the Norse folk dwelling as far away as the Orkneys or the Isle of Man. Hence those who thought of Sumarlidi's family as being folk of the dales and so named them in Norse, *Dalverja-att*, must have been islanders of the Hebrides. In contrast to themselves, the islanders thought of Sumarlidi and his kindred as the Dale-dwellers. But this contrast, again, implies that they also thought of Sumarlidi's folk as belonging to their own community. It certainly could not have occurred to Norse-speaking Hebrideans to single out any family among the *Scots* of the mainland and call them the Dale-dwellers. In short, to the Hebrideans and to the Saga-maker who records these facts, Sumarlidi was not a Scot but a Norseman.

We shall see that Sumarlidi's descendants, for a full century after his time, held close intercourse with Norway, some of them visiting Norway, others in the Hebrides receiving prolonged visits from Norwegians. The history of these things is written by a contemporary, Sturla, who was a Norwegian of King Hakon's council, and who must have often met and spoken with the Hebridean princes of Sumarlidi's line. Sturla, like the writer of the Orkneyinga Saga, never speaks of these Hebrideans as Scots, and never suggests that they had

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any difficulty in holding intercourse in the Norse tongue. We shall see, too, that as late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Irish writers still wrote of the Hebrides as inhabited by "Foreigners" who were not Gaels; and at the head of all those Foreigners were the princes of Sumarlidi's line. In fact, during all this time, both Norsemen and Gaels took it for granted, if they did not know it for a certainty, that Sumarlidi and his kindred were of the Norse blood. They were, however, a kindred who were becoming gradually Gaelicised. This process had begun before Sumarlidi's time, and largely, as we may judge, through the influence of Iona, which remained a centre of Gaelic Christian civilisation. Of Sumarlidi's personal concern for Iona, the embassy to the abbot of Derry is sufficient evidence. But Sumarlidi must have been brought up under the influence of Iona, for his grandfather's name was Gilla Adhamhnáin, *i.e.* "client of Adhamhnán," the celebrated abbot of Iona and biographer of Columba. His father was named Gilla Brighde, "client of Brighid," the saint of Kildare. Sumarlidi had a son named Gilla Brighde, who fell in the fight at Renfrew. Of the names of his other sons, Aenghus is pure Gaelic; Dubhghall, "Dark foreigner," is Gaelic in form if not in sense; Rögnvald, which becomes Ragnall in Gaelic, is pure Norse. The Clanranald historian* tells of another son of Sumarlidi, "an Gall mac Sgillin, whose descendants are Clann an Ghoill in the Glens"—"the Foreigner or Norseman, son of Shilling"; Clann an Ghoill, the family whose surname is Mac a' Ghoill, "MacGill" or

* *Reliquiae Celticae*, ii., 157.

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"Magill" or "Gill," is still numerous in the Glens of Antrim. If this pedigree of theirs is authentic, it is interesting to note that their ancestor, a son of Sumarlidi, was known in Gaelic as "the Foreigner" or "the Norseman." The epithet Mac Sgillin, "son of Shilling," is obviously a nickname, and no explanation of it is forthcoming.

Why do I dwell so much on the evidence of what contemporaries, Gaelic as well as Norse, appear to have taken for granted, namely that Sumarlidi and his kin were not Scots but Norsemen? Because, within 250 years of Sumarlidi's time, we find the contrary asserted, that they were not Norsemen, but Gaels, and because we find this contrary doctrine taken for granted in the later times. The Clanranald history is typical of the later teaching. It tells us that Sumarlidi was a descendant of Colla Uais, an Irish prince of the fourth century, and it professes to give the complete pedigree from Colla Uais downward.* It quotes also a poem composed by an Irish poet, Ó Héanna, in the time of Eoin of Isla, grandson of Domhnall of Harlaw, therefore in the second half of the fifteenth century.† Aonghus, the son of this Eoin, was murdered at Inverness by an Irish harper in 1490.‡ Eoin died in the following year, 1491. This fifteenth-century poem speaks of the kindred of Sumarlidi as Clann Cholla, descendants of Colla Uais. In later Gaelic writings, their descent from Colla Uais is not questioned. It is accepted as authentic by Hill, the historian of "The MacDonnells of Antrim."

* *Reliq. Celt.* ii., 149-153.

† *Ib.* 208.

‡ *Ib.* 163; *Ann. Ul.* 1490.

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Nevertheless, the Irish pedigree of Sumarlidi and his line is demonstrably fictitious :—

(1) So far as I have traced, the earliest document in which this pedigree is found is the Book of Ballymote, written shortly before 1400. The late provenance of the pedigree is the first proof of its want of authenticity.

(2) At the time when this pedigree first appears, and for a century and a half before, the descendants of Sumarlidi were taking a prominent part in the affairs of Ireland, and many of them had settled in Ireland among the Gaelic nobility of Ulster. There was therefore a motive for filling up the early blank in their family history, before the twelfth century, by attaching their known history to the history of the Ulster nobility.

(3) The pedigrees of the descendants of Colla Uais, comprising a goodly number of noble houses in Ulster as well as the line of Sumarlidi, are preceded in the Book of Ballymote by a prefatory section, setting forth in continuous prose an account of the various branches of the posterity of Colla Uais and his brother, Colla Meann and Colla Fo-chrí. This section, as written by the scribe of the text, contains no mention of Sumarlidi's line or of any Scottish or Hebridean branch of the posterity of Colla Uais ; but, at the end of the paragraph recounting the branches of his posterity, we find *added in a larger hand*, the words, *agus Fir Ili*, "and the Men of Isla." The original prefatory section is centuries older than the Book of Ballymote. It is found almost word for word in the Book of Leinster, compiled three centuries earlier,

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and also in the *Laud Genealogies*, and it may be as old as the eighth century. Needless to say, the addition "and the Men of Isla" is not found in the *Book of Leinster*. The "*Laud Genealogies*" deal in particular fulness with the descendants of the three Collas, but make no mention of any Scottish or Hebridean branch. Indeed, no early genealogy could have included the line of Sumarlidi under the name "Men of Isla." We have already seen that in the twelfth century Sumarlidi's kin dwelt, not in Isla nor in any of the islands, but "in the Dales, in Scotland's Firths." Isla became the seat of only one branch of the line, the senior branch of Clann Domhnaill, descendants of Domhnall, son of Rögnvald, son of Sumarlidi. Clann Ruaidhri, descendants of Ruaidhri, son of Rögnvald, were seated in Bute. Clann Dubhghaill, descendants of Dubhghall, the eldest son of Sumarlidi, were seated in Lorn. Thus the attempt to amplify the ancient genealogy by the addition of "the Men of Isla" was not a happy one. It helps, however, to emphasise the fact that the amplifier, whoever he was, had searched his text in vain for evidence that the house of Sumarlidi came of the posterity of Colla Uais.

(4) Besides a motive, there was a plain suggestion for attaching Sumarlidi's pedigree to the Irish Oirghialla, the posterity of the Collas. In the fourteenth century, the headship of Sumarlidi's line belonged to "the Men of Isla," Clann Domhnaill, who bore the surname MacDomhnaill. There was also among the nobility of the Oirghialla in Ulster a sept called Clann Domhnaill with MacDomhnaill for their surname, "Clann Domhnaill Clainne Ceallaigh," the Mac-

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Donnells of Clankelly in Fermanagh. They are quite a distinct line from the Clann Domhnaill of Scotland, deriving their origin and surname from an Irish Domhnall, not from Domhnall, son of Rögnvald, son of Sumarlidi. The similarity of the names, however, was pregnant with suggestion, and we can see how the offspring came to light. Though the two pedigrees are distinct, they are found together in curious confusion in the Clanranald history, as follows :—

“ Here is the direct line from Colla Uais downward. Eochaidh was begotten of Colla Uais. Carrán was begotten from Eochaidh. Earc was begotten from Carrán. Maine was begotten from Earc. Fearghus was begotten from Maine. Gothfruih was begotten from Fearghus. Niallghus was begotten from Gothfruih. *The pedigree of MacDomhnaill of Clann Cheallaigh :—Flannagán, son of Tadhg, son of Fear Mara, son of Tadhg, son of Lochlann, son of Art, son of Fianacht, son of Domnall from whom are [named] Clann Domhnaill of Clann Cheallaigh, son of Colga, son of Ceallach, son of Tuathal, son of Maol Dúin, son of Tuadán, son of Tuathal, son of Daimhine, son of Cairbre Doimh Airgid, son of Niallghus. Suibhne was begotten of Niallghus. Mearghach was begotten of Suibhne. Solamh was begotten of Mearghach. Giolla Adhamhnáin was begotten of Solamh.*”

Giolla Adhamhnáin, as the contemporary Annals of Tighearnach record, was grandfather of Sumarlidi. The section of the quotation printed in italics is the Irish pedigree of MacDonnell of Clankelly in Fermanagh. This pedigree is also found in the Ballymote genealogies, and there also the latest name is Flannagán,

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son of Tadhg ; so that the two versions of the pedigree have a common source ; but in the Ballymote version and in the Irish genealogies generally, Cairbre Doimh Airgid (who was king of the Oirghialla and died in 514) is not son of Niallghus, and belongs to the line of Colla Fochri, not of Colla Uais. At all events it is clear enough that, when an Irish pedigree was wanted for MacDomhnaill of Sumarlidi's line, the existing pedigree of MacDomhnaill of Clankelly suggested how the want was to be supplied.

(5) The Irish pedigree of Sumarlidi exhibits internal evidence of its fictitious character. It makes Sumarlidi eleventh in descent from Colla Uais. Irish pedigrees average very closely three generations to the century. Eleven generations are equal to less than four centuries. Thus, reckoning back from Sumarlidi, who died in his vigour in 1164, Colla Uais should have flourished in the latter part of the eighth century. But all sources agree in assigning Colla Uais to the earlier part of the fourth century. Hence the pedigree of Sumarlidi is not merely a fiction but an unskilful fiction. It should have contained about twenty-five generations where it only contains eleven. This does not exhaust its defects. Its sixth name from Colla Uais downwards is Gothfruigh, a scribal form of Gothfrith. This name should belong to the fifth century ; but it is a name borrowed from the Norse, not a Gaelic name. It is found for the first time in Irish in the year 918, the name of a Norse chieftain in England,* and many times in the tenth and eleventh centuries, always as the name of a Norseman. If,

* *Ann. Ul.* 918. King Guthfrith, *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, 927.

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however, we reckon back from Sumarlidi, the date of Gothfrith would be about 900, and a Gothfrith of that date would have been a Norseman. The names from Colla Uais to Gothfrugh in the Clanranald pedigree are worth noting:—Colla Uais, Eochaidh, Carrán, Earc, Maine, Fearghus, Gothfrugh. The prefatory section in the Laud, Leinster, and Ballymote genealogies, tells us that Colla Uais had two sons, Erc and Fiachra, but the Laud version adds, as an alternative account, that Erc, Fiachra, and Brion were the three sons of Eochu, son of Colla Uais. No Carrán, son of Eochu or Eochaidh, is named.

The Ballymote pedigree of Sumarlidi's line, the earliest known to me, is found added as a supplement at the end of the Oirghialla genealogies, p. 116. It differs somewhat from the Clanranald version. Instead of Mearghach it has Indeirge, son of Suibhne, son of Niallgus, son of Maine, son of Gofraid, son of Fergus, son of Erc, son of Eochu, son of Colla Uais. The later Clanranald version transposes Maine, placing this name between Fergus and Erc, and adds Carrán. The Ballymote pedigree appears to throw a little more light on the genesis of Sumarlidi's Irish descent. It is quite possible that, when the ancestry of Sumarlidi was first recorded, there was a genuine tradition of his descent from a Gothfrith who lived about A.D. 900. The names Gilla Brighde and Gilla Adhamhnain are attested by Tighearnach. For the names between Gothfrith and these, I know of no collateral evidence. They are all Gaelic names. But between Gothfrith and Colla Uais, the Ballymote pedigree has Fergus, son of Erc, son of Eochu. Now, one Fergus, son of

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Erc, son of Eochu, was the founder of the Dalriadic dynasty in Scotland. Hence it would appear that, in the first attempt to provide the line of Sumarlidi with a Gaelic pedigree, the facile genealogist thought it most fitting to attach this line to the Dal Riada genealogy, and thus not only to relieve the rulers of Argyle and the Hebrides from the reproach of being outlanders and interlopers, but to make them legitimate representatives of the Dalriadic dynasty in the very realm which that dynasty had held before it took possession of the rest of Scotland. So bold an invention could not well pass unchallenged. The kings of Scotland were not oblivious of their own genealogical record. Down to the last Dalriadic king in the male line, Alexander III., the recitation of the royal genealogy was a feature of their inauguration ceremony. The genealogists of the court would not fail to ridicule any claim on the part of this new and nowise friendly dynasty in the west to kinship with the ancient lineage of Dal Riada. What then? I assume that a fictitious pedigree had already been adopted, tracing the descent of "the Dale-dwellers' kin" from Fergus MacEirc, who established the Dalriadic dynasty in Scotland. Erc, father of Fergus, was son of Eochu. There was another Erc, son of Eochu, son of Colla Uais, in certain versions of the Oirghialla genealogy. By giving to this Erc a son Fergus, not named in the Irish genealogies, the conflict with the Scottish dynastic tradition was avoided. Had not Colla Uais, after his defeat at Dubhchomair, been for some years a refugee in Scotland? What more natural than that he should have left a line of his descendants in Scotland? And

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so "the Dale-dwellers' Kin" became the Gaelic Clann Cholla.

Possibly there was an independent attempt to provide them with a Gaelic pedigree by identifying the Clann Domhnaill of Isla with the Clann Domhnaill of Fermanagh. These last claimed descent not from Colla Uais, but from his brother, Colla Fochrí. In that case, the pedigree from Colla Uais would form a sort of acceptable compromise. There is further evidence of such a compromise at work. The nobles of Fermanagh were of the line of Colla Fochrí. The Clanranald historian accepts the pedigree of Sumarlídi from Colla Uais, though in reciting it he mixes it up with the Fermanagh pedigree from the other Colla. More than that, it was from Fermanagh, he tells us, and with the help of kinsfolk in Fermanagh, that Gilla Brighde, father of Sumarlídi, came to Argyle "to take possession of his inheritance." He goes on to tell how Gilla Brighde and Sumarlídi "cleared the western side of Scotland of the Norsemen,"—a story that would have startled the authors of the Orkneyinga Saga and the Saga of Hakon Hakonarson. He knows nothing, however, or it is not his business to know, of the intimate relations between Sumarlídi's descendants and Norway during the century after Sumarlídi's death. His history reflects a Gaelicised tradition, and ignores contemporary evidence, whether Norse or Gaelic. He gives an account of Sumarlídi's last expedition and death "in the vicinity of Glasgow," which is far removed from the contemporary accounts in the Irish chronicles. He does not know that Sumarlídi had a son named Gilla Brighde, who also

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fell in that expedition. He confuses Gilla Adhamhnáin, Sumarlidi's grandfather, with Adhamhnán himself, "who founded the monastery of the Shrine in Tireragh in County Sligo in Connacht, and his name remains there."* To give greater importance to his own patrons, the Clanranald MacDonalds, he tells us—dealing with a time when as yet the headship of Sumarlidi's line belonged to Clann Dubhghaill, the house of "Dubhghall the king," son of Sumarlidi—that "a message came from Tara that Domhnall (ancestor of Clann Domhnaill), son of Raghnaill (Rögnvald) was to take the headship of the Hebrides and of the greater part of the Gaels (in Scotland)." Tara at that time was the property of an Anglo-Norman feudal lord!

Enough, perhaps, has been written to show that the Hebrides, in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries were in the power of a Norse ascendancy, and that Sumarlidi, who established a new kingdom in the Hebrides and Argyle, belonged to the Norse community, and that the accounts of his Gaelic origin are of late and fictitious provenance. It is probable that most of the other Hebridean nobles were also of Norse descent. This at least has been admitted in the case of the great family of MacLeoid, *roighne fréimhe Fionnlochlan*, "the choice of the Norwegian stock," as they are called by the poet Niall MacMhuirich.† The extent of Norse influence over the

* "Scrín Adamhnáin i.e. Scrinium Sancti Adaninani, now Skreen in diocese of Killala, barony of Tireragh, Sligo."—*Onomasticon Goedelicum*.

† *Reliq. Celt.* ii., 268; 1. 2.

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Hebrides and Argyle must be appreciated in order to understand the true position of the Hebridean kingdom which was established by Sumarlidi about 1150, and which lasted under his descendants until 1499. I hope to have again an opportunity of showing the relations that subsisted between that kingdom and Norway until 1263, and between it and Ireland until about 1600, and the decisive influence of these relations on the course of events in Ireland during several centuries.

I do not know who invented for the chiefs of Sumarlidi's line the title of "Lords of the Isles." By the kings of Norway they were recognised as kings of the Southern Isles, by the Irish Annalists as kings of Argyle and Insi Gall. It was not until the close of the fifteenth century that their kingdom was fully and finally incorporated in the realm of Scotland.

EOIN MACNEILL.



The Cotton-Flower of the Hills

[The following piece, which I have attempted to English, is entitled *Canach an t-Sleibhe* in the original, and is from the pen of Dòmhnall Mac-na-Ceardach, who hails from the Isle of Barra. Mr. Donald Sinclair—to use the English designation by which he is known—is a writer whose work is deservedly very highly esteemed by the Gaelic-reading public. Mr. Sinclair is no less able a poet than he is an accomplished writer of prose; and contemporary Gaelic letters are further indebted to him for two admirable Plays. Of one of his contributions to the Gaelic theatre I hope to give an English translation in a future impression of this publication. With regard to the subject of the present rendering, I apprehend that the beautiful legend of “Deirdré of the Sorrows” is too well known to require any explanatory observations in these pages.—Ed. *The Scottish Review*].

Two passions are there for the heart to feel
That words of mouth can ne'er express :
The boundless bliss of real love,
And the endless anguish of hopeless sorrow.



WELLING in a little cottage among the hills, without so much as a single man of this world knowing aught of her existence or her form, was Deirdré—the beauteous star of the love-women of the Gael. At the bosom and in the lap of a nurse of proven virtues it was that her spirit, her shape, and her hue were nourished. On her beauty

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and comeliness, as on the cotton-flower whiteness of her soul, no glance-of-man had as yet struck ; but far, far, away, behind the closed door of the changeful years, was Fate—adjusting the shuttle of the loom that was to weave the web and the woof of Deirdré's destiny.

It was at the foot of the hill near which she had hitherto lived that the subject of this tale was spending the days of her happiness—as foster-child to her nurse, Gorumhool ; as dearest foster-child to the one great-mother ; and as the friend and protectress of every living creature. By day as well as by night did she rejoice in the world she lived in, for her soul was without spot—without blemish—and in close affinity to all the visible wonders of the Great One of the Elements. As it were through a straw, her soul imbibed of the waters of a fountain that contained nor dross nor dregs, and knew not corruption. And that straw was Love—the love that was begotten of her own heart. This was indeed the warp that Fate used to make up the “ Counts.” This it was, too, that was employed in every “ shot ” of the design ; and to which Fate finally dealt that venomous blow of the “ lathe.”*

* Mr. Sinclair has kindly furnished me with the following explanation of this passage, which will doubtless be appreciated by those who, like myself, are ignorant of the weaver's craft. Fate is here supposed to weave Deirdré's web of life, which is composed of many colours, metaphorically speaking. But the weaver uses but one material, which is Love. The web represents tartan, in which several colour shots cross and re-cross one another. This arrangement or design is called *iomairt*.

“ Counts ” (*áireamhan*) are made up in the *dealbh* (design) before weaving, and may vary as to the number of threads in each “ count.”

Urchair is the movement of the shuttle to and fro, and from this the term is also used to denote a coloured stripe in the cloth,

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But, like many another only child, little did Deirdré dream of that which was in store for her. Her days were still young ; and her soul told her that her own heart was the chosen abode of joy and youth. She thought that it was for her that Nature had fashioned the earth, and made the heavens—that it was for her enjoyment, also, that the earth wore its pleasing aspect, and the breezes raised their melodious voices, singing to her the lays that know no end.

A discreet woman, and one of a good understanding, was Gorumhool—Deirdré's nurse. It was her wont to instruct her foster-child in the ways of Nature, and the rules of life. To Deirdré she gave knowledge of the commandments of the King of the Elements, and learned her so that she should do everything, accept everything, and offer everything, in His name ; for He it is that is the father of all, and the creator of the universe.

But there was one thing hidden in the heart of Gorumhool which, from the first day of their meeting (it matters not if it were grey and cloudy or clear and bright like ice), she had kept a close secret from her charge ; and although her foster-child was now approaching womanhood, yet Gorumhool gave no sign that the unspoken words were still imprisoned in her own breast. Many is the time that the ties of the oath she had sworn to Calum the Harper had been put to the sorest tests ; but hitherto the artful speech

e.g., urchair dhearg (a red stripe) and *dà urchair bhuidhe* (two yellow stripes).

Slinne-chlàir is the beam carrying the reeds, which is moved to and fro to beat up the woof. This beam is "lathe" in English.

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and the great address of the old woman had triumphed over the trusting heart of Deirdré—that heart in which evil grew not, and suspicion that false-dealing was intended her could find no place.

On a day of the days of those olden times, Deirdré proposed to her nurse that she should go alone to the hill to seek for feathers from the wings of birds ; and though Gorumhool was not at any time willing to allow her foster-child out of her sight, nevertheless that day she assented—apprehending no mischief—to Deirdré's wish, bidding her, however, not to go far, lest she should be lost. Of a truth Gorumhool was careful and watchful of the one that had been entrusted to her charge ; but just as the lone shoot of oats that grows on the heather-clad top of the hill is dependent on its own seed for the reproduction of its kind, so were every wish, thought, and design, of her own dependent for their root and growth on the heart of Deirdré.

There was a certain purpose in Deirdré's mind that day. She promised her nurse that the dew of eve should not overtake her on the mountain side ; and she set out full of joy, with a step as blithe as the youth's in the month of May. It was late in the afternoon of a July day when she left the cottage. The sun was descending the arch of the heavens, and, little by little, was sinking towards his castellated mansion in the West. Of the purest and deepest blue were the broad stretches, fashioned like islets, or the fringes of some heavenly shore, that were left in his wake ; yet, as though in attendance on each step of the descending sun, masses of snow-white clouds

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filled the horizon, and mantled the shoulders of the distant hills. Beautiful and pleasing beyond compare were the countenance of the earth, and the purple robes of the hills, that night. Sweet as honey was the perfume of each many-coloured flower that crowned the surrounding braes. Music to every ear, delight to every heart, was that fair world that hummed with the wings of countless insects—each one intent on enjoying to the full its own brief hour of idle happiness.

From the slopes of the hill there came the moving harp-like strains of the songs of birds—now one, then another, vying in melody with its rival kind. But though the world was full of beauty, not less lovely was she that now was ascending the mountain side. She travelled bare-headed and bare-footed—her glistening black locks falling in luxuriant ringlets about her snow-white throat and the bend of her fair shoulders. Her countenance was the perfection-countenance of the beauty of women. The blush of the berry was on her cheek, and the whiteness of the rest of her countenance rivaled in purity the whiteness of the cotton-flower itself. But the stars and the jewels of her beauty were her eyes, for these were the windows of her soul, through which looked love and mildness and modesty—even as the rays of the sun look forth from the doors of the clouds. Every blameless thought that her warm heart tenderly nourished, her eyes uttered ; and innocence was the sum of all her thoughts. But now, it seemed to Deirdré that, somewhere in the depths of the visions, a black cloud lurked, foretelling of the sadness and anguish of soul that some day would be hers ; of the issuing forth from the Well-of-tears

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of that spirit which demands sacrifice and suffering of those whose lips seek love—and sorrowing.

Under the labour of her step, her beautiful bosom rose and fell like the young wave of May in a sheltered bay. She threw a fleeting glance behind her, across the outskirts of the hollow. Nestling itself in a fold of the hills, she saw the little turf-roofed cottage in which she had passed her days. She watched the mountain burn that was flowing musically past her, twisting and bending this way and that—far away there beyond the cottage. Summer and winter it took the same course, never delaying, never complaining, never tired. Whence was it come? Whither was it going? Her nurse understood not the significance of these questions, which she had often asked of her; but, for all of them Deirdré herself had answers for which she could find no words. Her spirit was under the spell of that Fate by which she was now being guided onwards.

Deirdré paused for a moment in her ascent of the hill to take breath, and to await the utterance of the thought that her nurse had changed her mind, and would soon be hailing her to return. But it was not so. Nothing came to her ears save the carolling of the burn, and the song of a thrush which, perched on a bush just above her, was proudly pouring forth the full passion of his song. Starring the banks of the burn were countless primroses, their heads gently drooped to accept of the kisses which the fresh young blades of grass sought to impress on those sweet lips. The spotted bee of the hill droned past her, humming a lay that was his to tell. Caterpillar in beak,

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a stone-chat of the moor was perched on a twig hard by, and he so restless that one would have thought that the heather was burning his feet. Deirdré realised as only her sex can understand the devotion and the solicitude of the parent for its brood of young. Reluctantly she quitted the spot. Her presence was unseasonable. She pursued her way by the banks of the burn that flowed, twisting this way and that, at the foot of the mount. Now and again she would pause in her travel to take her eyes' full and her heart's full of the beauties that were spread round about her; for though two things were uppermost in the mind of Deirdré—her journey's end and the behest of her nurse—yet was the loveliness of Nature a voice far too compelling to neglect. And as the dews of eve penetrate to the very veins of the heather, so that night did the beauty of the earth and the joy of every living creature penetrate to the soul of Deirdré. There was music in the heavens, and there was music in her heart. There came to her breeze-born whisperings of the songs that were raised in the halls of melody—far, far, away among the distant hills; and as the ripe corn falls to the sickle so did the soul of Deirdré yield to the spell of those countless joys. Her eyes lighted with the rays of love, and she sang a song that would cause even the heart of a stone to melt :—

O high-throned King of the purest gladness,
Glory and honour to Thee, with music,
From every living thing dwelling on earth,
Worship, praise, and glory to Thee.

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Pour out on us the benign beams of thy goodness,
Shower on us Thy blessings and the benedictions
of Heaven,

The joys of Nature and the felicities of Paradise,
Spread at my feet the Land-of-the-Ever-Young.

Throughout her journey that day, the one song was always in her breast—music that was as natural as the heart that held it; music in which there was something of the limpidity and sinuousness of the burn, the sweetness and perfume of the heather, the undulations of the hills and the glens, and the vast expanses of the distant heavens. Hers indeed was the music whose like no one had ever heard before, or has since listened to, in Erin—music like to cause the poet's soul to tremble in ecstasy, and to fill his whole being with dread—the nameless dread that belongs to the songs of the Gael.

Deirdré was now ascending the shoulder of the hill; but the burn kept bending and twisting on, without there appearing a sign of there being any beginning or end to its course. Would its source yet prove to be to it that which her own state and her own life among the hills had been to Deirdré—charged with forewarnings, and pregnant of sorrows that were destined to come? Fate alone knew. Had not Gorumhool warned her not to be solicitous touching the future, telling her that with the advent of womanhood there would come knowledge and wisdom, sufficient unto the day? But now it seemed to Deirdré as though Fate himself had taken her by the hand, were urging her on, consuming her with a desire to look behind the intervening veils, and hardening her will.

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It was now that Deirdré set about gathering the feathers of which she had come in quest. She left the bundle close beside the burn, in a place where she would be able to find it when she should return once more ; and again she turned her face to the steep of the hill. But again and again her thoughts went back to the primroses growing by the banks of the burn.

O little primrose of sweetest perfume,
Whence is it that youth is ever thine ;
Whence is it that of the sap of thy heart
Thou givest abundantly every day to the
mountain bee ?

In a little lonely green hollow in the shelter of three small hills, Deirdré thought that she espied her journey's end. Joyful was her mood and light her step as she descried a still, bright, little tarn lying in the skirts of the mountains—asleep, sleeping as slumbers the child that knows not sin—a smile on its pure and innocent face, and its soul awake to sing in joyous chorus with the Angels rosaries of praise to the honour and glory of God. This, then (whispered Deirdré's heart to her), was the source and mother of the burn. Now at long last did she understand how it was that love was the constant burden of her song—the love of the mother for her child. But to the burn, that was no new thought ; for, of the self-same waters of love were the stream and the tarn from which it flowed. Love it was that was borne on its surface, and love of the earth and of the heavens was impressed on its countenance—that pure mirror

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of those truths whose smiles, as whose frowns, it faithfully reflected.

The inviting appearance of the tarn drew Deirdré towards it. She reached its shores, carrying in her hand a little cluster of cotton-flowers and of bog-myrtle which she had gathered on the way. She stopped. She saw cups-of-paradise* floating on its breast. She saw the sun burnishing the loch's surface with the ardent rays of his admiration. Might not also Deirdré hope to behold herself in this mirror of loveliness? She bent down over the water. She saw a butterfly—caught in the silken meshes of her hair. Tenderly she released it. A second time she glanced in the mirror, and she started back with fear and surprise. She thought that she had seen someone behind her gazing over her shoulder into the water; and it seemed to her that the one that did so was not of her own sex. Quickly she turned about, but no one was to be seen. She looked again into the water, but the vision did not reappear. Her head swam with countless thoughts, and her heart beat fast with fear of mysterious Fate. She would look no more—for dread that she might see, and fear that she might not again behold, prevented her. She would not remain in the presence of this enchanted mirror. She bent her steps towards the summit of a little hill immediately behind her.

It was from this spot that Deirdré perceived that, after all, she had not made out the source of the burn, for now she saw two streams descending to the tarn through a gap between the three small hills. So she

* Copan-nam-flaitheas *i.e.* Water-lilies.

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had been deceived; she had been mocked! She knew not what was best for her to do. She sat down where she was, to await the troubling of the waters from which she expected the spirit of counsel to arise.

The still, calm, beauty of the tarn brought repose and peace to her soul, though the image of the young warrior that she had seen reflected in the water rose up again and again before her eyes. Dark was his hair, and like the foam of the sea was his skin. Pleasing as the beam of the setting sun was his countenance, and his eyes were as pools of the purest water. But, who he was, whence he came, and how it was that he saw her—one time only, one glimpse only—these were questions which Deirdré was obliged to leave unsolved. But though it was so, nevertheless her belief in the reality of the vision—suspended, as it were, between the world of the living and the abode of the dead—weighed heavily on her mind, as she sat alone that evening watching the going down of the sun.

She raised her eyes and glanced across the surface of the tarn. The aspect of the heavens drew her attention to them. The sun was now descending behind the clouds which, it seemed to her, were throned, in majesty inexpressible, on the shoulders of the great hills which filled the distance. Their shapes and their colours were as beautiful to look on as the visions that float through space in the peaceful land of dreams. But there was one thing there that filled Deirdré with wonder. She thought she beheld, rising up before her, a vast castle—its snow-white walls and battlements towering above the tops of the gilded mountains. Its turrets were of gold and silver, and its battlements

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were thronged with warriors in armour. She recalled to memory tales of her nurse of the castles of Erin, with their pride and grandeur and pomp. She thought she heard the notes of the harp rising in sweet unison with the voices of the bards, and the melody of trumpets blended with the laments of those who sang the praises of heroes who—long, long ago—had crossed the Ferry-of-the-Shades to the Isles-of-Everlasting-Truth. She saw as it were a white shell-laid causeway stretching between the Castle gateway and herself ; and then—away along the golden paths formed by the beams of the setting sun, her spirit sped to those pleasant mirth-filled halls of music and feasting and never-ending joy.

Of a truth, very pleasing to the eyes of Deirdré was the vision on which she gazed ; but gradually there passed a striking change over the shape and appearance of the castle. Soon the white causeway was no longer white, but red—red as blood. She saw the turrets and the battlements slowly vanishing from sight—how or whither, she knew not. The sun withdrew from the presence of the earth, leaving a trail like blood behind him ; and in place of the proud and lofty castle there was soon nothing to be seen save a wild and shapeless mass of black and gloomy cloud, as forbidding-looking as a coiled serpent.

But Deirdré paid no heed to the coming of the chill evening airs : nor was she conscious of the time she had spent in watching the movements of the clouds, until she heard the wing-beats of three pigeons flying high over her head on their way to the West.

" They are going home," she whispered to herself.

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"Hope hastens their wings, but as for me—though I return it will be but with sorrow and foreboding filling my heart."

Deirdré stooped down and drank from the tarn. Then she turned to return the way she had come, her soul oppressed with the burden of Fate. As though they divined the cause of her sadness, the birds of the mountain-side were now noteless—songless; and a little yellow daisy of the cart-wheel tracks kissed, tear in eye, the sole of her foot, as though to heal her crowding griefs.

"I will descend," said Deirdré. "I will depart—my heart urges me to leave the hills. Since the sun sleeps, and the heavens are sad, I will return the way I have come. Blessings on thy sweet countenance, O thou who didst reveal to me the form of the wish of my heart! Benedictions, too, on ye, O ye two little burns, whose nuptials the rays of the white sun have blessed. Thy footsteps will I follow as a guide that fails not; for as a heart in pursuit of the object of its passion, so wilt thou direct my way homewards—however dark and threatening the skies may grow."

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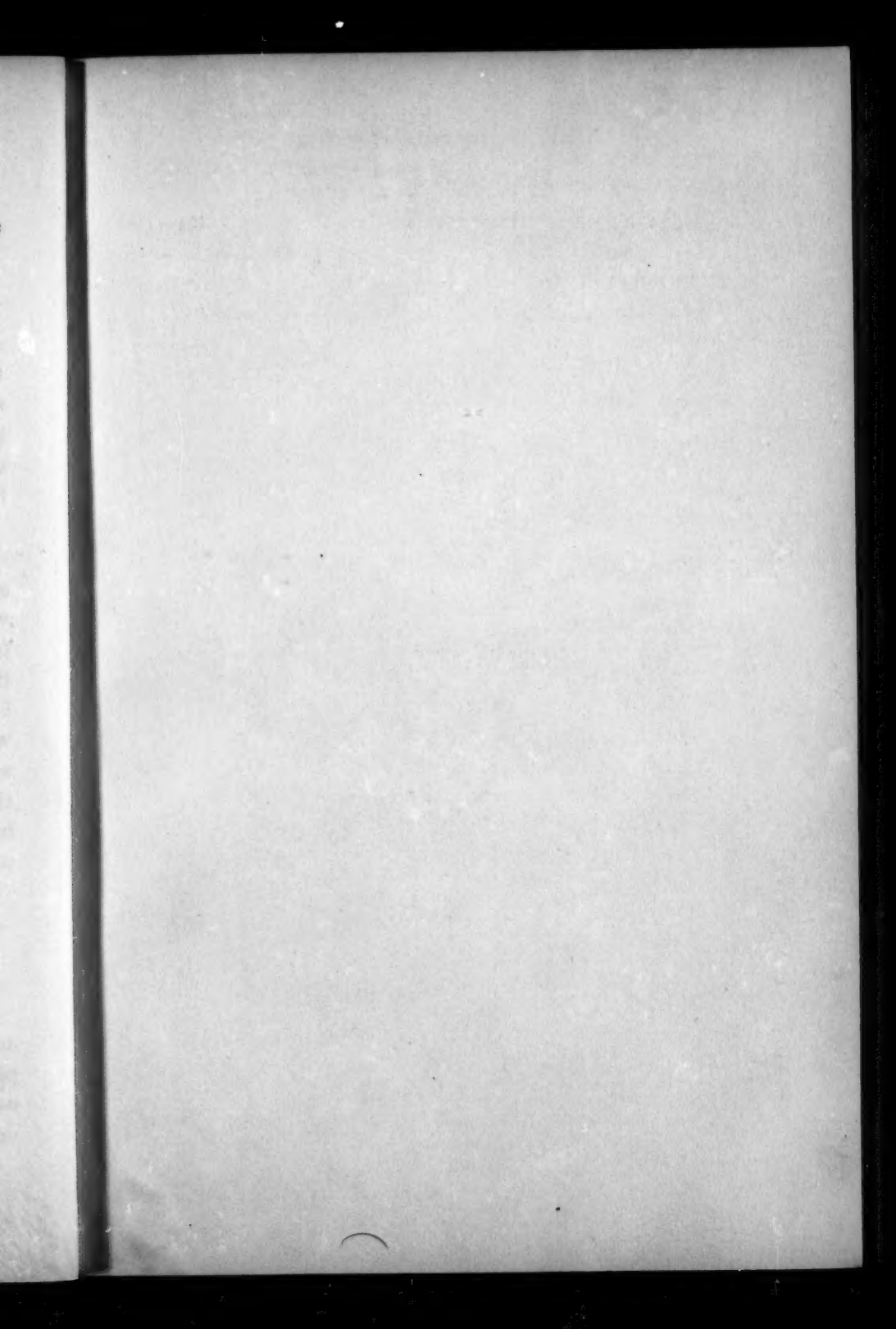
Deirdré related to her nurse the reason of her delay and the cause of her sadness; but if Gorumhool placed her finger under her wisdom-tooth, she said naught as to that. And she left her foster-child under the spell of her own Fate.

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O, Fate, will thou not tell me thy tale,
Is there under the sun, was there, or will there
ever be

A key that will open thy mouth,
Or that will lock the tear-doors of my head?





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